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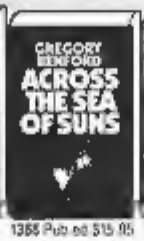

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IT'S GREAT...BEST GANDAM THING EVER HAPPENED TO ME... WE HAVE COSTUMES, BIG MEETINGS, A SECRET HANDSHAKE...AND PARTIES! GREAT PARTIES!

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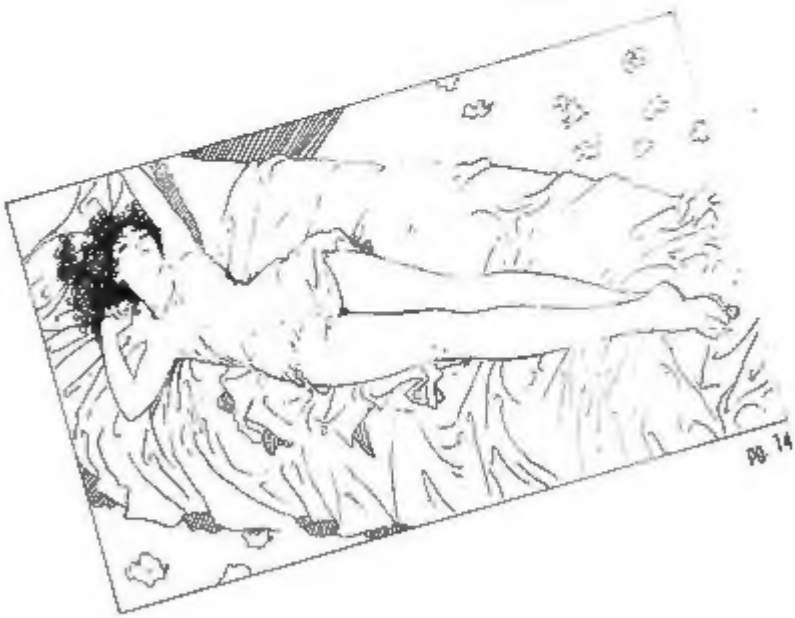

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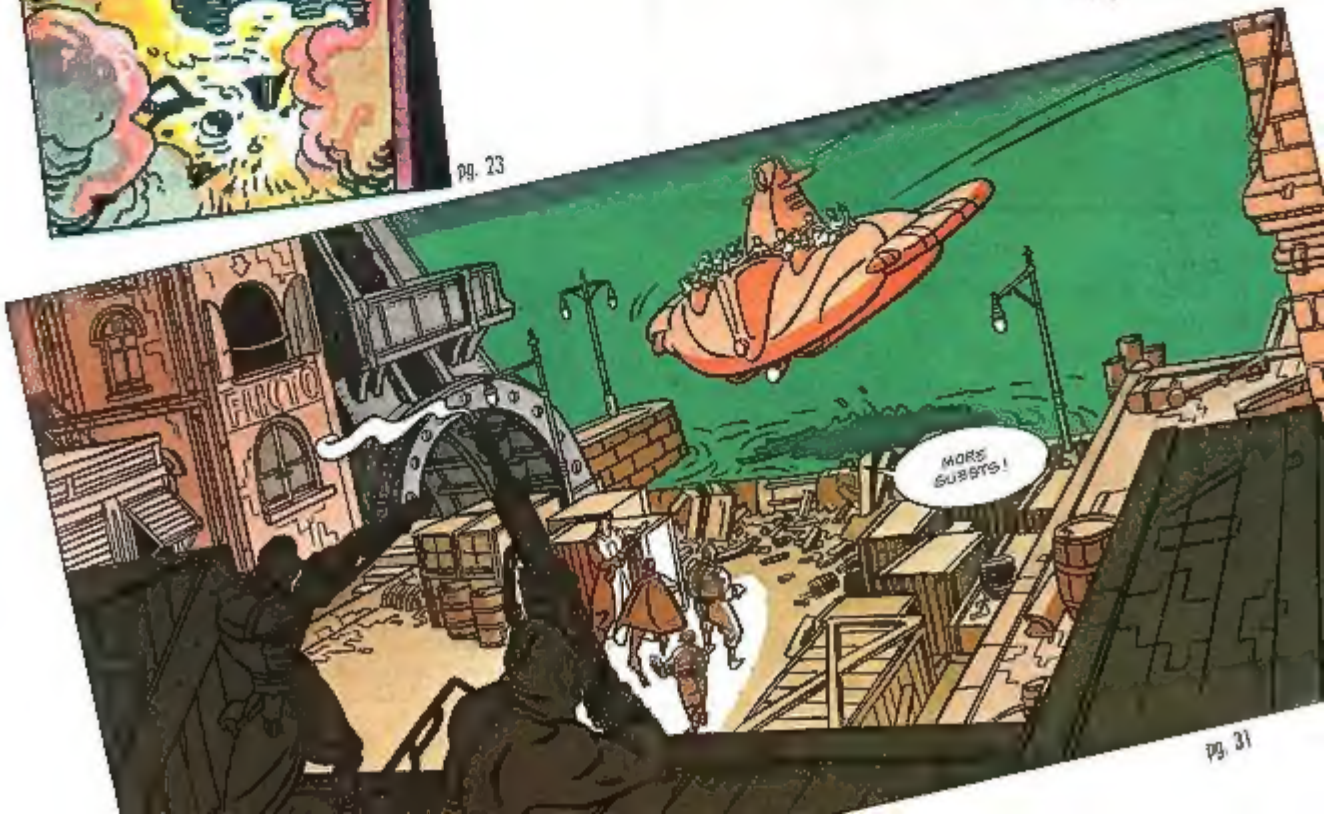

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Catch Up

Short synopses of what's happened so far in the continued strips.

Rebel
Pepe Moreno
Brooklyn, New York ... The year is 2002. The general population has diminished, except for a few streetwise degenerates, who rule the bombed-out borough. Rebel and his gang stalk the streets in hopes of wiping out the Sanitation Police (the law) once and for all.

Sillavengo
Massimo Ghini
Back from his dangerous mission in the Sudan, Sillavengo is in Palermo, where he meets with General De Bassaccio, who congratulates him on his success.

An Author in Search of Six Characters
Milo Manara
The curtain is up, and the actors are in place ... maybe. It all went askew from the start when the director of a small, off-off-off Broadway play didn't show up. Then the lead actress pulled the same. What we ended up with is a sadomasochistic secretary directing, a naive, simple seamstress as star, and a script that slips in and out of reality indefinitely. There's this suitcase filled with important plans that might save the world from a fate worse than death, and a Rastafarian who initiates a trip to deepest, darkest Zion to deliver the plans to their rightful owner. The conclusion to this twisted tale appears in this issue.

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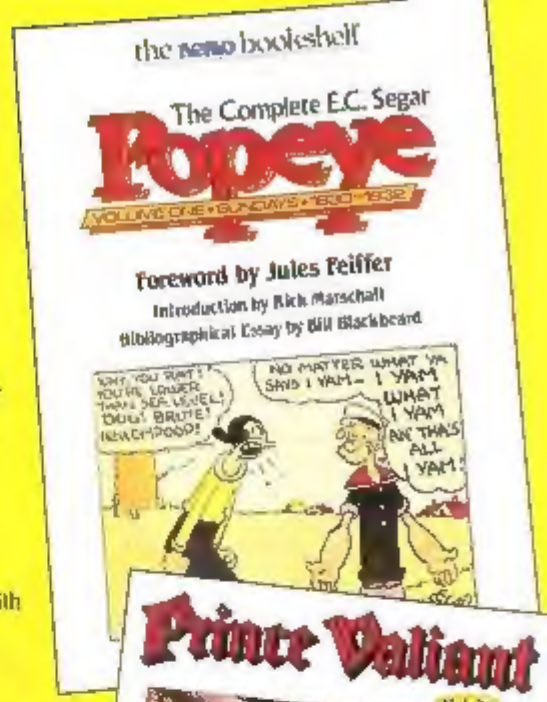
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The Complete E.C. Segar
Popeye
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Foreword by Jules Feiffer
Introduction by Rick Marschall
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NO MATTER WHAT YA SAID I YAM - I YAM WHAT I YAM AN THAT'S ALL I YAM!

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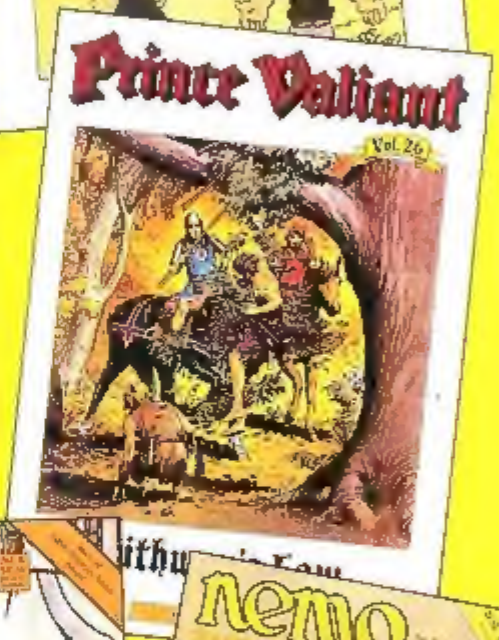

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NEMO #2: Superman issue, with rare Siegel/Shuster material. Plus *Terry*, more.

NEMO #8: All *Little Orphan Annie* issue, with a complete 1929 Annie tale.

NEMO #9: Hal Foster interviewed. McManus's *Nibsy the Newsboy*, original Hal Foster Valiant cover, more.

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Popeye & Prince Valiant © King Features Syndicate

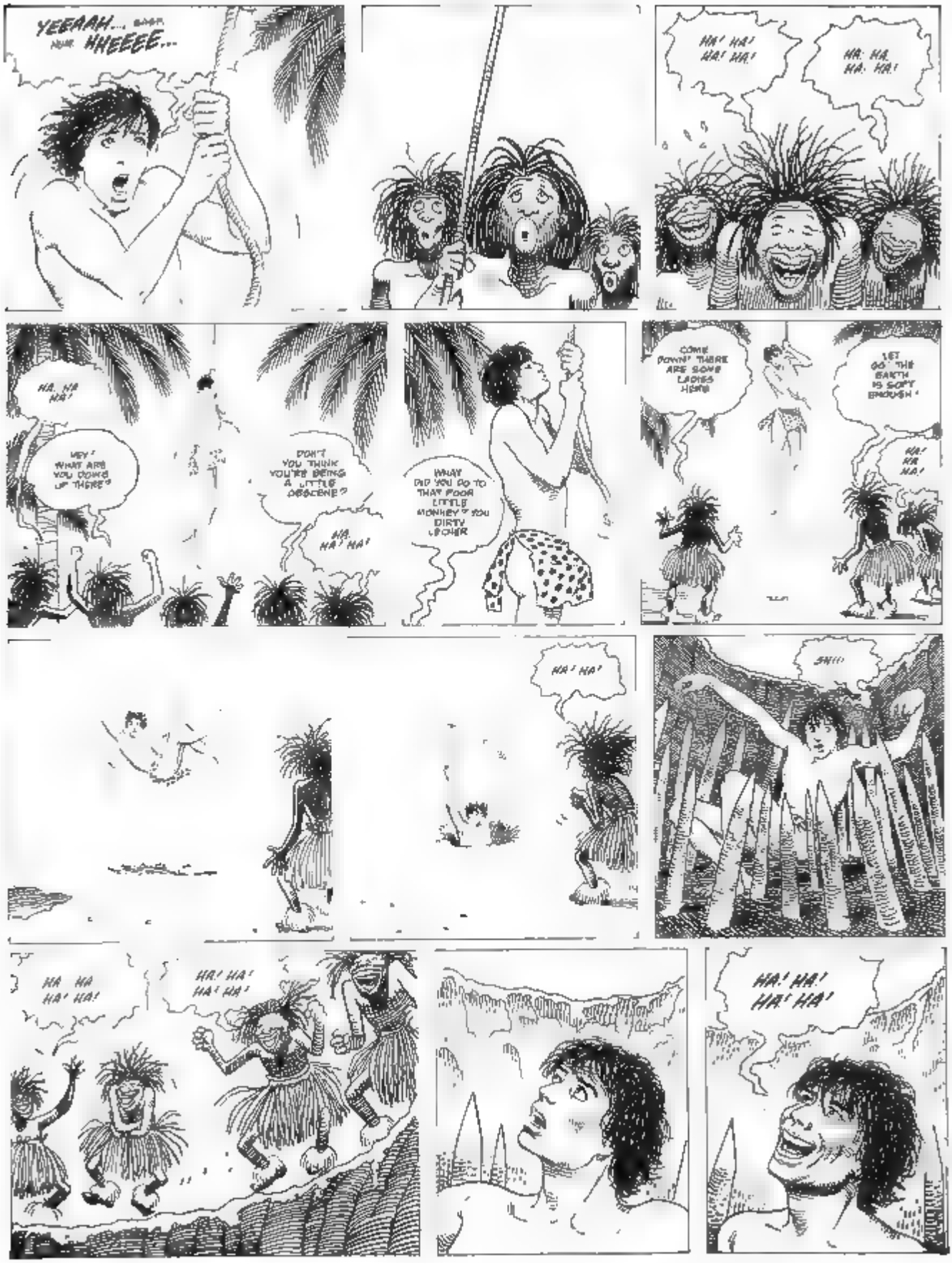
COME ON! I NEED SOMEONE TO PLAY THE PART OF PRINCE CHARMING.
An Author in Search of Six Characters
by Milo Manara
I WANT TO DO IT!
OKAY, SO GET READY! YOU'VE GOT TO BE BLOND, ELEGANT, AND YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE ON A BEAUTIFUL WHITE HORSE.
AND YOU, BERGMAN, DIDN'T YOU WANT TO HAVE A REAL AFRICAN ADVENTURE? YOU'LL PLAY THE PART OF THE WHITE EXPLORER...
DRESS HIM UP AS TARZAN!
I IMAGINE I WON'T GET ANYWHERE IF I REFUSE!
HEY! WE DON'T HAVE A LEOPARD-SKIN LOIN CLOTH FOR HIM! LOOK FOR ONE!
LOU-LOU'S T-SHIRT WILL DO!
TARZAN NEEDS YOUR T-SHIRT. AND YOU HAVE TO GET CHANGED FOR YOUR FINAL SCENE ANYWAY!
PERFECT!
THE SPITTING IMAGE!
FANTASTIC!
SO, WHERE'S THE MONKEY?
I CAN PLAY HER! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A COMIC STRIP BEFORE!

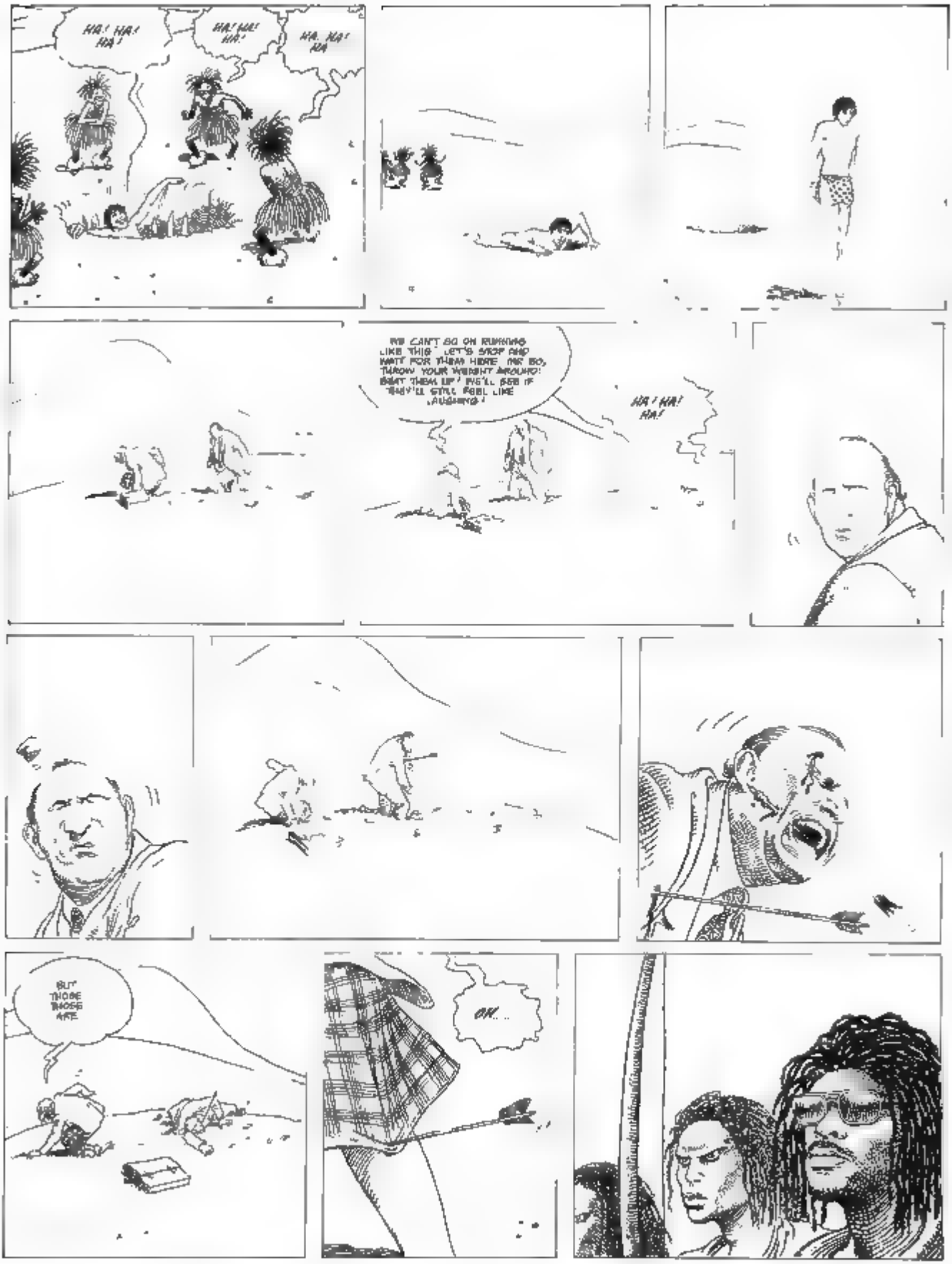
ONE MOMENT, PLEASE...
BALUBA BI! BO BI BOU! GOO GOO!
HERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES FOR THE FINAL SCENE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! I'M FINALLY GOING TO BE ABLE TO WEAR UNDER-PANTS IN THIS STORY.
OKAY! WE HAVE EXACTLY TEN PANELS LEFT! READY?
IS EVERYTHING READY? IS THE SET FINISHED YET?
I'VE FINISHED! THE BIRDS AREN'T TERRIFIC, BUT THE TREES TURNED OUT OKAY, DIDN'T THEY?
OKAY! ANY-THING MISSING?
NO, NOTHING! THERE'S EVEN THE TV AND THE TELEPHONE!
GOOD! LET'S BEGIN! LOU-LOU, GET ONSTAGE!
YOU UP THERE! MAKE SURE THERE ARE PLENTY OF PETALS FALLING DOWN, THE PUBLIC LIKES THEM.
YOU DOWN THERE! YOU HAVE TO ACT LIKE A FESTIVE CROWD! SOLAR ENERGY IS NOW FREE, NO FEAR OF POLLUTION ANY-MORE SO YOU SHOULD BE WILD WITH JOY!!
READY TO SHOOT!

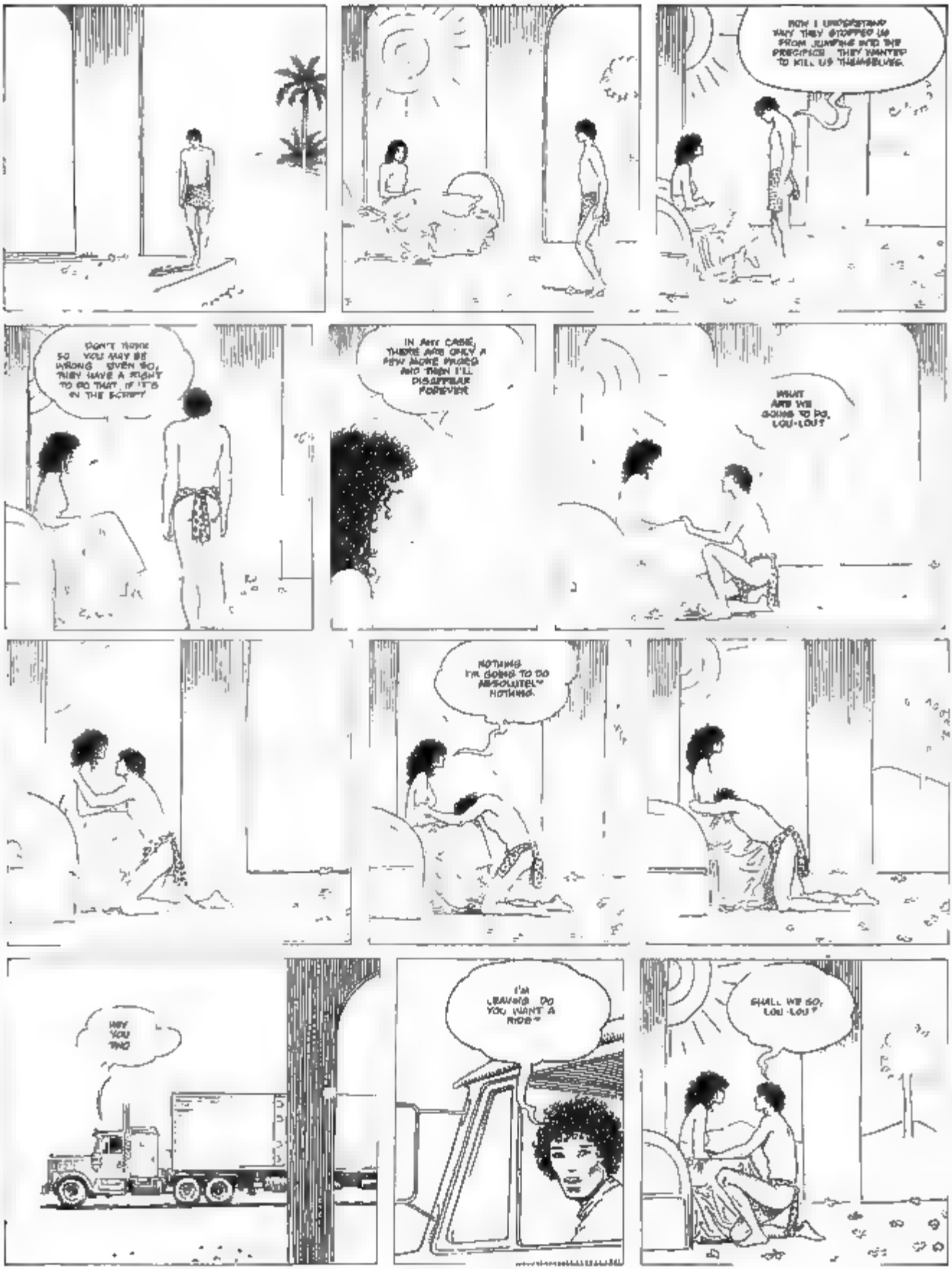
HERE COMES PRINCE CHARMING ON HIS WHITE HORSE!
YEAHHHH
HOP!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY ENTRANCE?? AND HOW ABOUT MY COSTUME, ISN'T IT A STROKE OF GENIUS??
YES, YES, GO ON!
OKAY! WELL... HERE I AM, HOME AT LAST! HA, HA!
LET'S TURN ON THE TV. IT'S SO CHEAP NOW THAT SOLAR ENERGY IS FREE!
DO YOU HAVE A DANDRUFF PROBLEM?
NO, NO! YOU HAVE TO GET ON WITH THE LOVE SCENE!
WHY? WASN'T MY SOLAR ENERGY LIKE A GOOD ONE?
YEAH, IT WAS FANTASTIC!
OKAY, OKAY... HERE WE GO...
COME ON, LITTLE LADY, LET'S GET ON WITH IT! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!
NO, NO! NOT LIKE THAT!!
YOU'RE DOING A LOVE SCENE! YOU MUST BE GENTLE! YOU CAN'T JUST LOWER YOUR PANTS AND RAM IT IN!
HEY! IT'S NOT MY FAULT. THESE PANTS DON'T HAVE A ZIPPER
WELL, ARE WE GOING TO GET ON WITH THE STORY OR NOT?

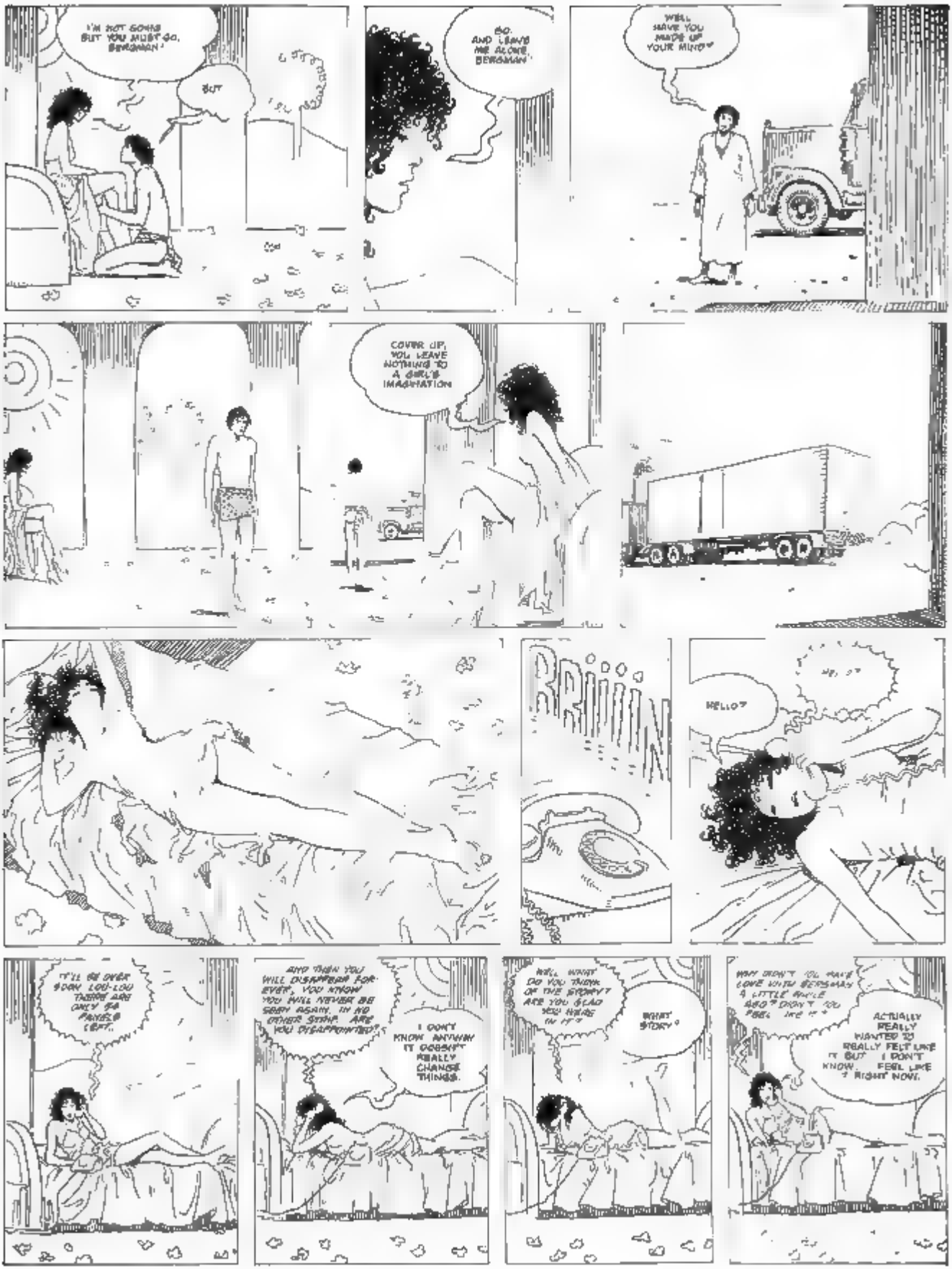
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HER PLAY PRINCE CHARMING?
CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE. DO WHATEVER YOU MUST TO GET THIS THING FINISHED, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. THESE CONTINUOUS INTERRUPTIONS ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY!
OH, SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. IF IT'S WELL IF YOU FEEL LIKE THAT
YOU! GET UP THERE! YOU PIECE OF SHIT!
GREAT! THERE YOU ARE, YOU TWO. BILLING AND COOING. THE WHOLE WORLD IS REJOICING. ENERGY IS FREE. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING WELL. BUT HERE COME THE TROUBLEMAKERS!
BOLUBA BONGO! BONGO
BINGO BANGO BONGO! BOU BOU
GREAT BIG WHITE PUDDING I'M GOING TO CUT OFF YOUR BALLS!
YOU DIRTY BLOND NOTHING I'LL CUT OFF YOUR ENGINE!
HA HA, HA. HA
HA HA. HA
MUST ATTRACT MR. BOY'S ATTENTION WITHOUT THE OTHERS NOTICING IT
YOU FOLECAT FACE, YOU, I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR NUTS
IF YOU BE NOT CAREFUL, YOU NITWIT I'LL BREAK ALL YOUR TOYS!
HA! HA! HA! HA
GREAT BIG BANG WE GO WE'LL FOLLOW
YOU IDIOT POWER FACE I'M GOING TO TAKE AWAY YOUR SPEAR
HA HA. HA. HA
HEY YOU CAN'T LEAVE YOU MUST STAY HERE AND PROTECT YOUR SQUAW!
YOU IDIOT! SQUAW IS THE NAME FOR AN INDIAN WOMAN.
HA! HA! A SQUAW! HA! HA!

HEY HE'S REALLY SCARED!
HA! HA
BALUBO BOU! BONGO BOU BOU!
BONGO BONGO
HA HA!
HEY, DARKIE YOUR CLOCK IS FAST!
OH WELL, I'M GOING TO WALK MORE SLOWLY
HA! HA! HA!
HA HA! HA!
HEY TARZAN GET READY YOU HAVE TO INTERVENE TO SAVE YOUR WHITE COMRADES! DON'T FORGET TO YELL!
TO YELL?
COME ON TARZAN'S FAMOUS YELL! YOU KNOW HOW THAT CAME TO BE, DON'T YOU?
NOT REALLY
I READ SOMEWHERE THAT ONE DAY TARZAN WAS CARRYING JANE FROM ONE TREE TO ANOTHER SWINGING ON A CREEPER
BUT JANE WAS HANGING ON TO THESE WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY?
SWEET JESUS!!
BONGO BONGO
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HOU! BOUBOU
HA! HA! HA
BUMBA BUMBA BARAGANGA!
OH! OH! HA! HA!
HI! HI! OH! OH!


YEEAAH... WHEEEE...
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA. HA. HA. HA!
HA. HA HA!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING A LITTLE OBSCENE?
HA. HA! HA!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO THAT POOR LITTLE MONKEY? YOU DIRTY LECHER
COME DOWN! THERE ARE SOME LADIES HERE
LET GO! THE EARTH IS SOFT ENOUGH!
HA! HA. HA!
HA! HA!
SHIII!
HA HA HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!


HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HA, HA! HA
WE CAN'T GO ON RUNNING LIKE THIS! LET'S STOP AND WAIT FOR THEM HERE. WE GO, THROW YOUR WEIGHT AROUND! BEAT THEM UP! THEY'LL SEE IF THEY'LL STILL FEEL LIKE LAUGHING!
HA! HA! HA!
BUT THOSE THOSE ARE
OH...


NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY THEY STOPPED US FROM JUMPING INTO THE PRECIPICE. THEY WANTED TO KILL US THEMSELVES.
DON'T THINK SO. YOU MAY BE WRONG. EVEN SO, THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO DO THAT, IF IT'S IN THE SCRIPT.
IN ANY CASE, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW MORE PAGES AND THEN I'LL DISAPPEAR FOREVER.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, LOU-LOU?
NOTHING. I'M GOING TO DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
HEY YOU TWO!
I'M LEAVING. DO YOU WANT A RIDE?
SHALL WE GO, LOU-LOU?


I'M NOT GOING BUT YOU MUST GO, BERGMAN!
BUT
SO. AND LEAVE ME ALONE, BERGMAN!
WELL HAVE YOU MADE UP YOUR MIND?
COVER UP, YOU LEAVE NOTHING TO A GIRL'S IMAGINATION
BRRRRRN
HELLO?
IT'LL BE OVER SOON LOU-LOU THERE ARE ONLY SIX PAGES LEFT.
AND THEN YOU WILL DISAPPEAR FOR EVER, YOU KNOW YOU WILL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN, IN NO OTHER STRIP. ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED?
I DON'T KNOW ANYWAY IT DOESN'T REALLY CHANGE THINGS.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE STORY? ARE YOU GLAD YOU WERE IN IT?
WHAT STORY?
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE LOVE WITH BERGMAN A LITTLE WHILE AND THEN YOU FEEL LIKE IT.
ACTUALLY REALLY WANTED TO REALLY FELT LIKE IT BUT I DON'T KNOW. FEEL LIKE I RIGHT NOW.

I CAN MAKE HIM COME BACK, IF YOU WISH.
NO, HE'S TOO LATE NOW.
YOU KNOW ME DID TREAT YOU AS A SEXUAL OBJECT, AND I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THAT LOU-LOU.
LOU-LOU IS NOT MY REAL NAME AND FROM NOW ON I FORBID YOU TO CALL ME THAT!
AND WHAT'S MORE I'VE DISCOVERED THAT GET EXCITED AT THE THOUGHT THAT PEOPLE ARE SEEING ME NAKED.
WELL I ONLY HAVE A FEW PANELS LEFT DO YOU NEED ANYTHING?
NO, I'M A LITTLE SCARED.
CAN I HELP YOU?
GIVE ME AS MANY PANELS AS POSSIBLE
THAT'S ALL?
YES, THAT'S ALL
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN! I CAN'T ADD ON ANY PAGES
WELL, GIVE ME AS MUCH AS YOU CAN AND THEN LEAVE ME ALONE!
GUESS I COULD MAKE THE PANELS SMALLER, AND THERE WOULD BE MORE OF THEM BUT
HELLO, LOU-LOU. CAN YOU HEAR ME?
BUT WHAT IS SHE DOING? COVER HER UP!!
JUST PUT THE HOOD BACK ON TOP OF HER LIKE THAT!
LOU-LOU, LISTEN TO ME!!
FIN
HELLO! HELLO!
GIVE ME AS MANY PANELS AS YOU CAN, AND GO TO HELL!
FIN

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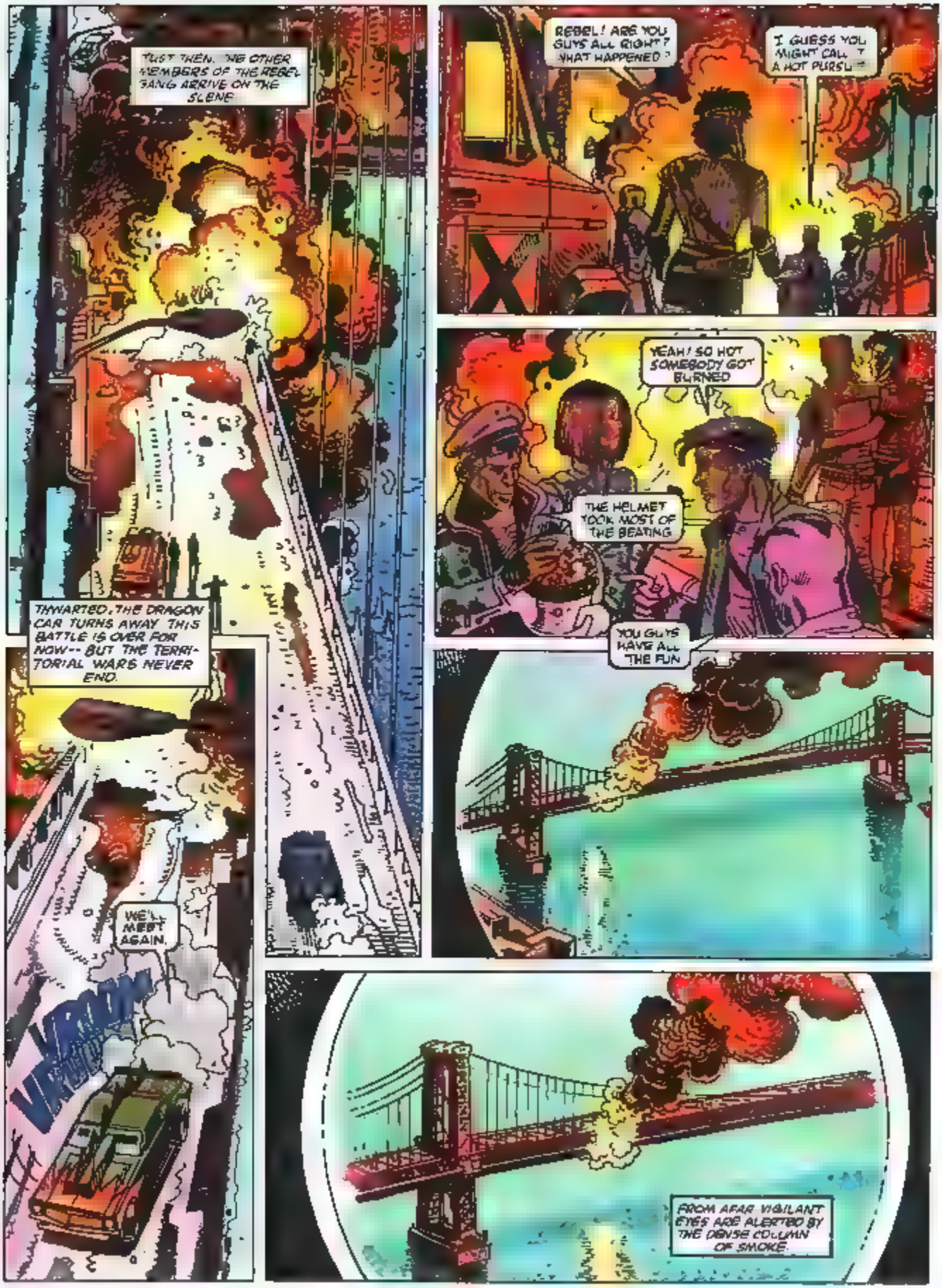
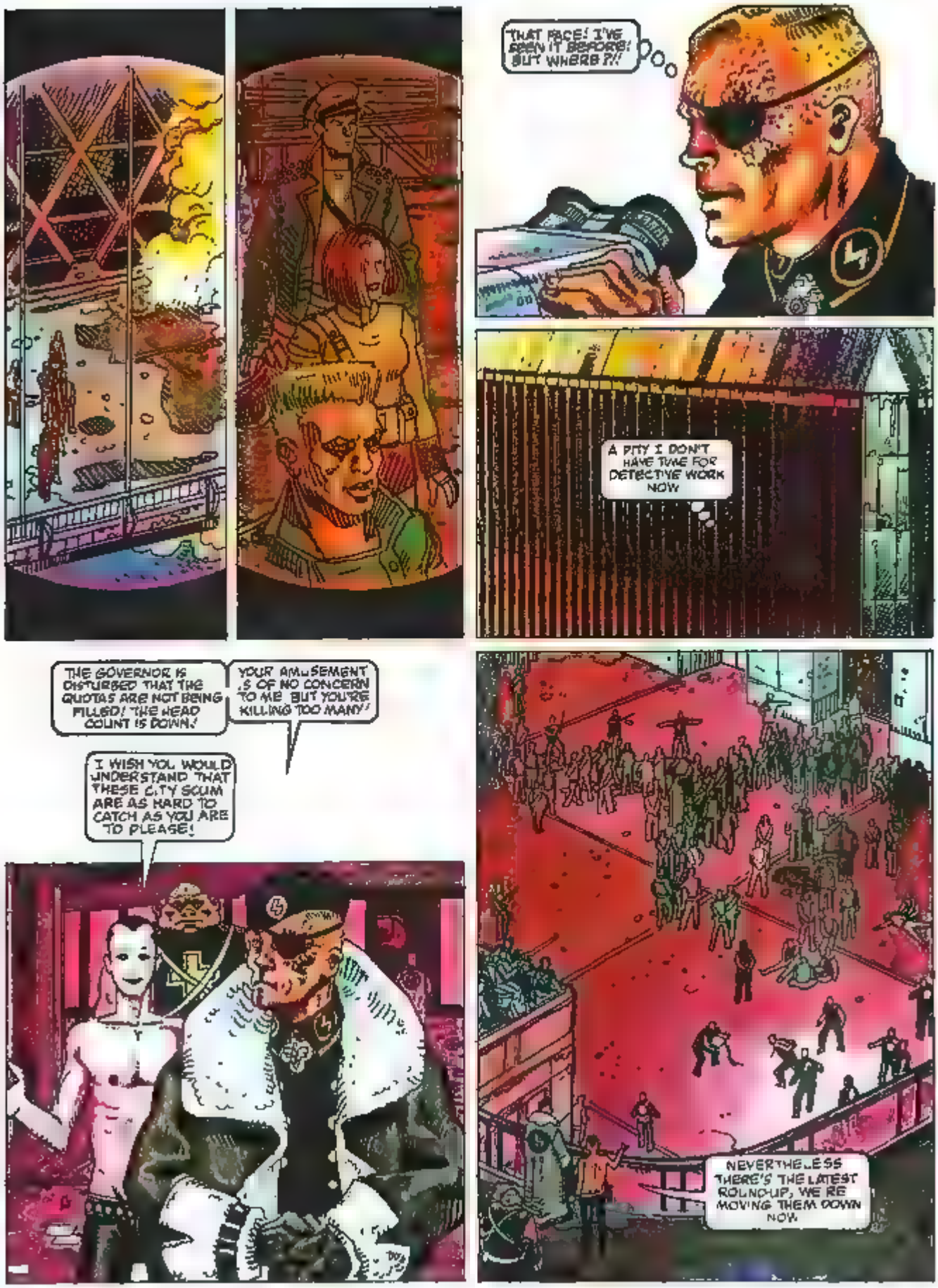
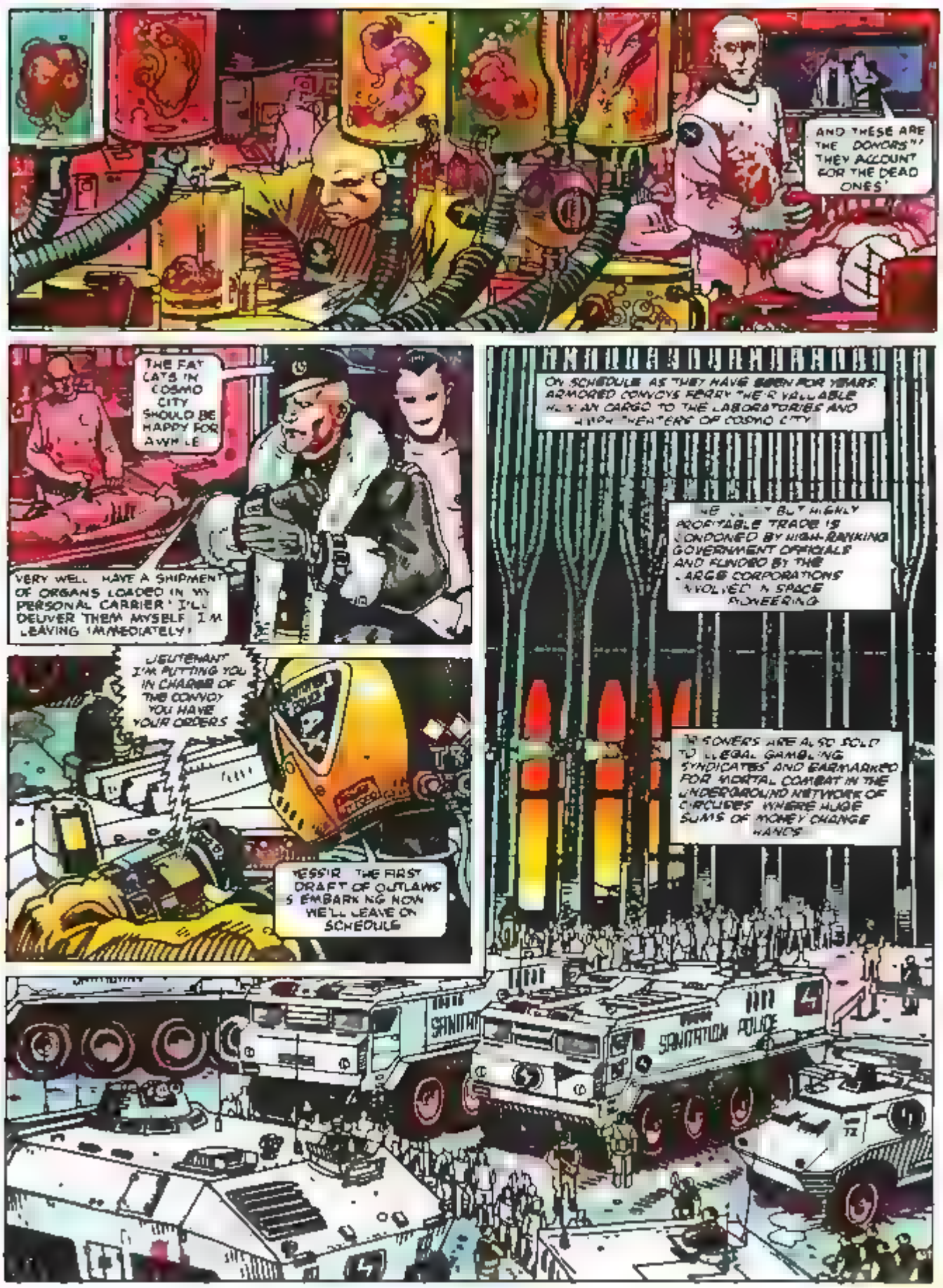
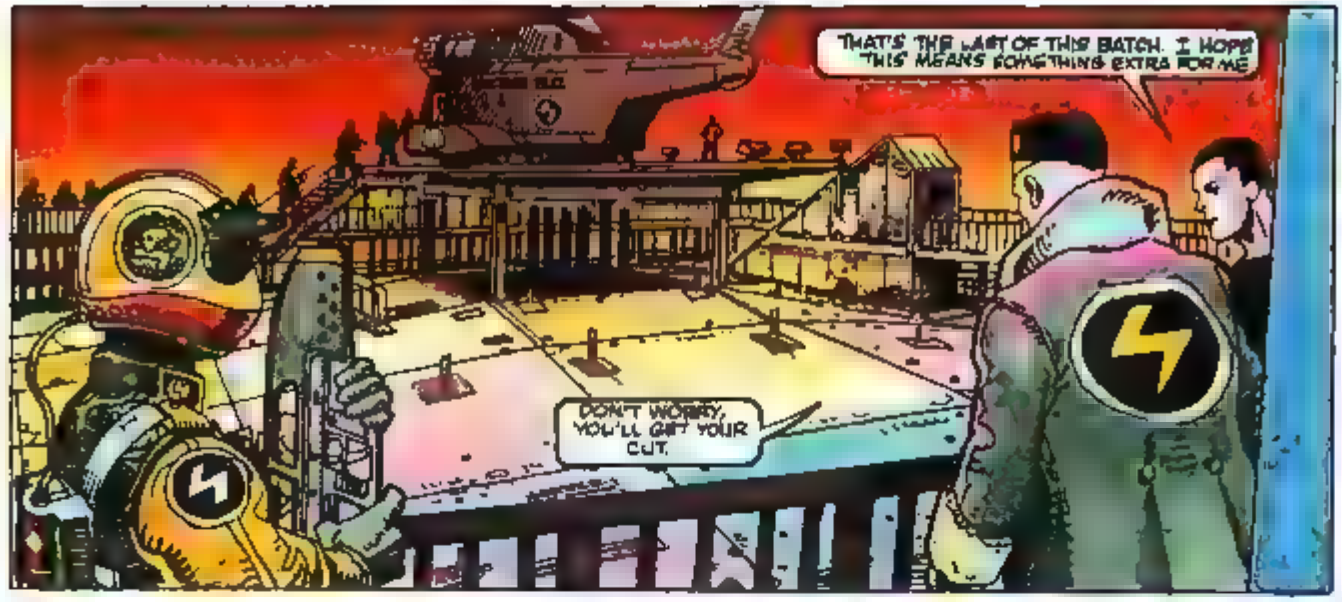
WATCH OUT HERE COMES THE OTHER ONE!
¢@₩!?
REBEL
DO SOMETHING, REBEL HE'S GONNA FRY US!
THOSE BARRELS...
HANG ON!
WHAM
MAKE 'EM LOOS
CAREENING OUT OF CONTROL THE HELPLESS PURSUERS BECOME ENTANGLED IN THE BRIDGE CABLES.
CRASH!!
DYING IN A SEARING BALL OF FIRE

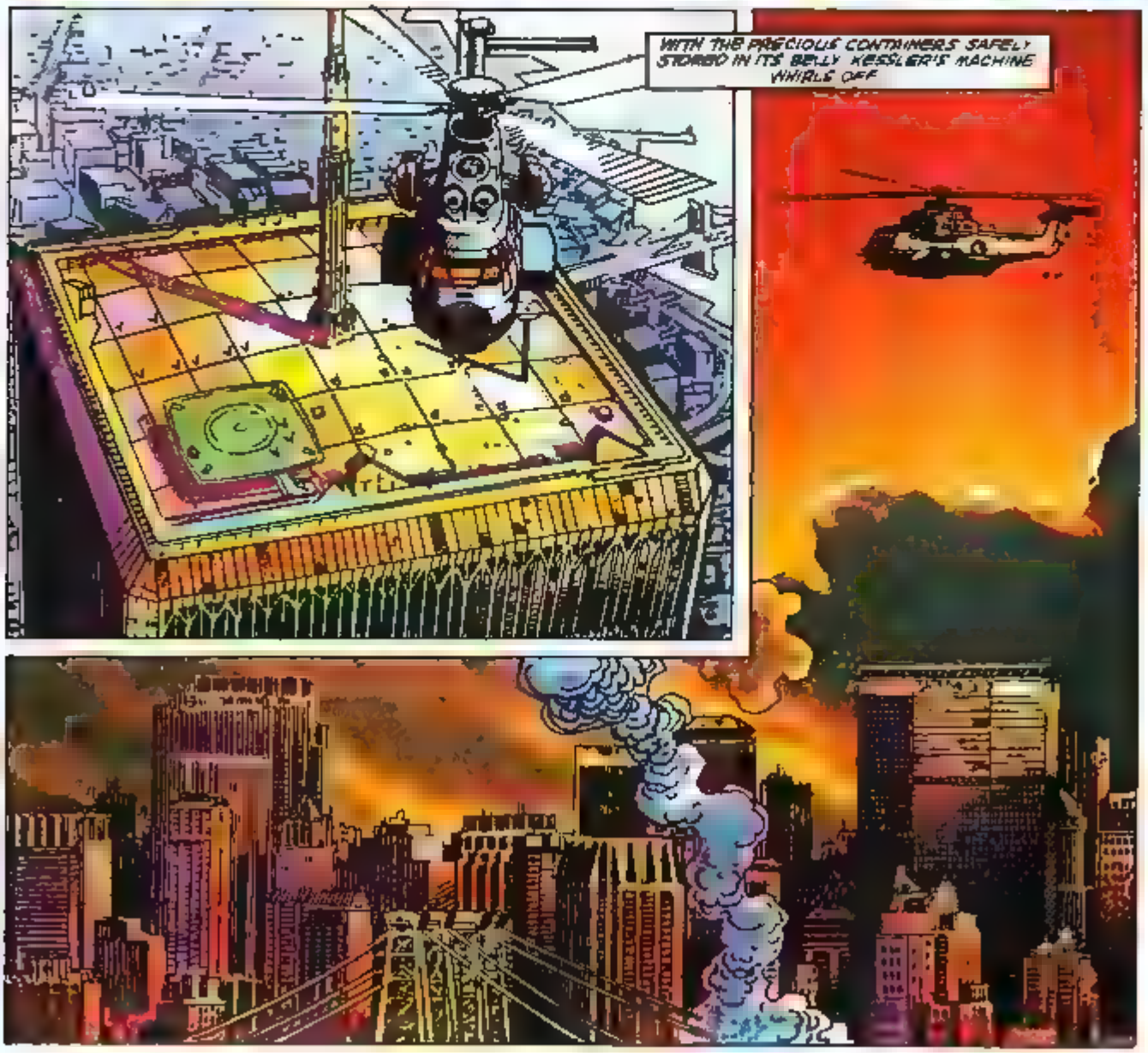

JUST THEN, THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE REBEL GANG ARRIVE ON THE SCENE
REBEL! ARE YOU GUYS ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?
I GUESS YOU MIGHT CALL IT A HOT PURSU
YEAH! SO HOT SOMEBODY GOT BURNED
THE HELMET TOOK MOST OF THE BEATING
YOU GUYS HAVE ALL THE FUN
THWARTED, THE DRAGON CAR TURNS AWAY. THIS BATTLE IS OVER FOR NOW-- BUT THE TERRITORIAL WARS NEVER END.
WE'LL MEET AGAIN.
FROM AFAR, VIGILANT EYES ARE ALERTED BY THE DENSE COLUMN OF SMOKE.

PERCHED HIGH ABOVE THE RUINS OF THE CITY IS "THE CASTLE" — THE ONLY REMAINING TOWER OF THE ONCE FAMOUS WORLD TRADE CENTER
- AND THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS OF DOLL, LEADER OF THE SKINHEADS!
GOOD MORNING, MAJOR KEPSLER I'VE SOMETHING HERE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SIGHTSEEING.
BUT YOU'LL LIKE THIS
HHN HHN
LOOK FOR YOURSELF, DEAR
EVEN MY BODYGUARD, DIRTBALL, IS AMUSED!

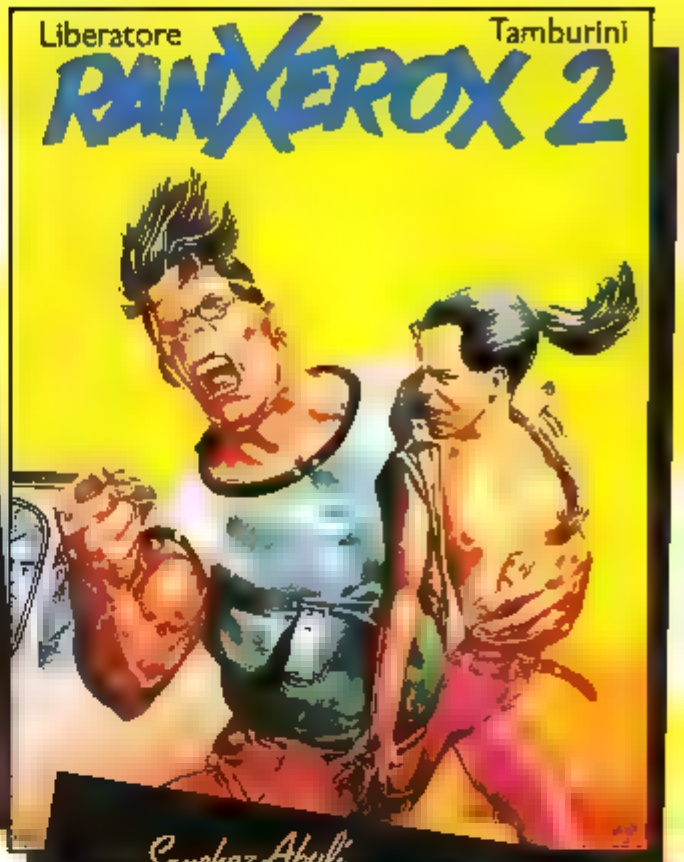

THAT FACE! I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE! BUT WHERE?!!
A PITY I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR DETECTIVE WORK NOW
THE GOVERNOR IS DISTURBED THAT THE QUOTAS ARE NOT BEING FILLED! THE HEAD COUNT IS DOWN!
YOUR AMUSEMENT IS OF NO CONCERN TO ME BUT YOU'RE KILLING TOO MANY!
I WISH YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT THESE CITY SCUM ARE AS HARD TO CATCH AS YOU ARE TO PLEASE!
NEVERTHELESS THERE'S THE LATEST ROUND-UP, WE'RE MOVING THEM DOWN NOW.

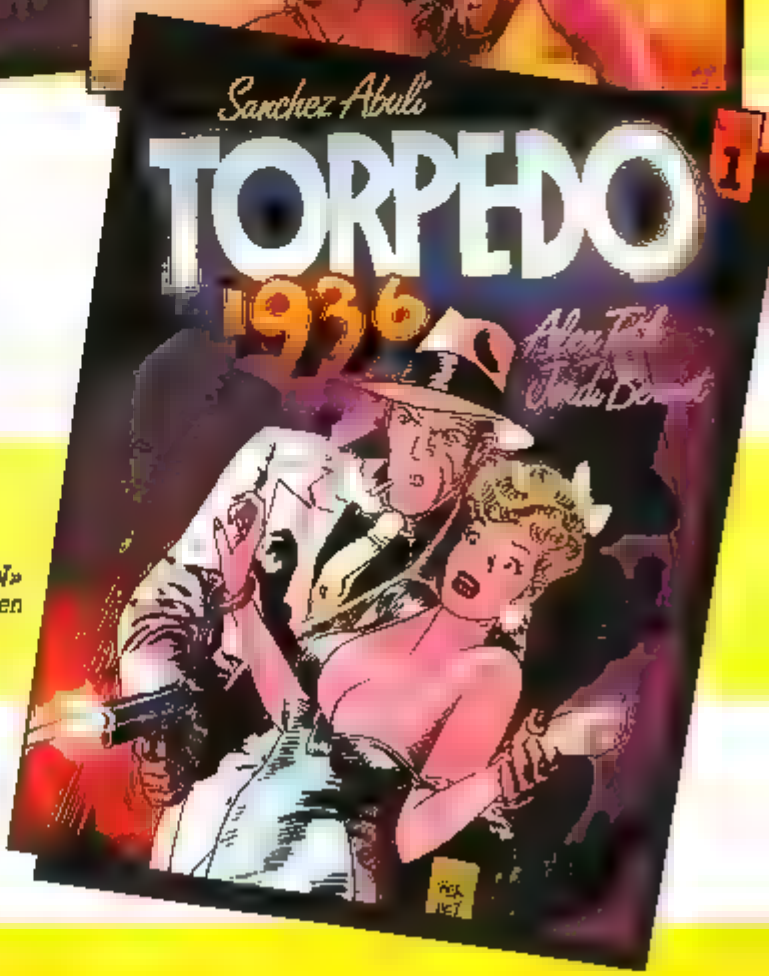

AND THESE ARE THE DONORS"! THEY ACCOUNT FOR THE DEAD ONES!
THE FAT CATS IN COSMO CITY SHOULD BE HAPPY FOR AWHILE
VERY WELL HAVE A SHIPMENT OF ORGANS LOADED IN MY PERSONAL CARRIER! I'LL DELIVER THEM MYSELF I'M LEAVING IMMEDIATELY!
ON SCHEDULE AS THEY HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS. ARMORED CONVOYS FERRY THEIR VALUABLE HUMAN CARGO TO THE LABORATORIES AND HIGH-RENTERS OF COSMO CITY
BUT HIGHLY PROFITABLE TRADE IS CONDONED BY HIGH-RANKING GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND FUNDED BY THE LARGE CORPORATIONS INVOLVED IN SPACE PIONEERING
DONORS ARE ALSO SOLD TO ILLEGAL GAMBLING SYNDICATES AND EARMARKED FOR MORTAL COMBAT IN THE UNDERGROUND NETWORK OF CIRCUSES WHERE HUGE SUMS OF MONEY CHANGE HANDS
LIEUTENANT I'M PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF THE CONVOY YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS
YESSIR THE FIRST DRAFT OF OUTLAWS IS EMBARKING NOW WE'LL LEAVE ON SCHEDULE
SANITATION POLICE


THAT'S THE LAST OF THIS BATCH. I HOPE THIS MEANS SOMETHING EXTRA FOR ME
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET YOUR CUT.


WITH THE PRECIOUS CONTAINERS SAFELY STORED IN ITS BELLY KESSLER'S MACHINE WHIRLS OFF

FAR BELOW, THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH IS HEAVY IN THE AIR.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE FOR THE RAW ONES! THEY'RE
THERE'S NO ONE LEFT ALIVE HERE! LET'S SEE WHO THESE STIFFS ARE!
TURN THIS STEAK OVER IT'S TOO BURNT ON TOP
COME ON GIVE ME A HAND.
HERE YOU ARE, CATCH!
IT'S NO GOOD! THERE'S NO TELLING WHO THIS CHARCOAL IS!
WE'RE ALWAYS TOO LATE! IF WE DID THINGS MY WAY, WE'D GET HERE WHEN THE PARTY'S IN FULL SWING, NOT WHEN IT'S OVER!
TO BE CONTINUED





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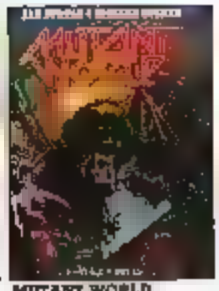

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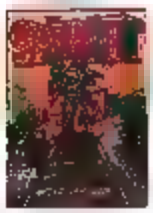

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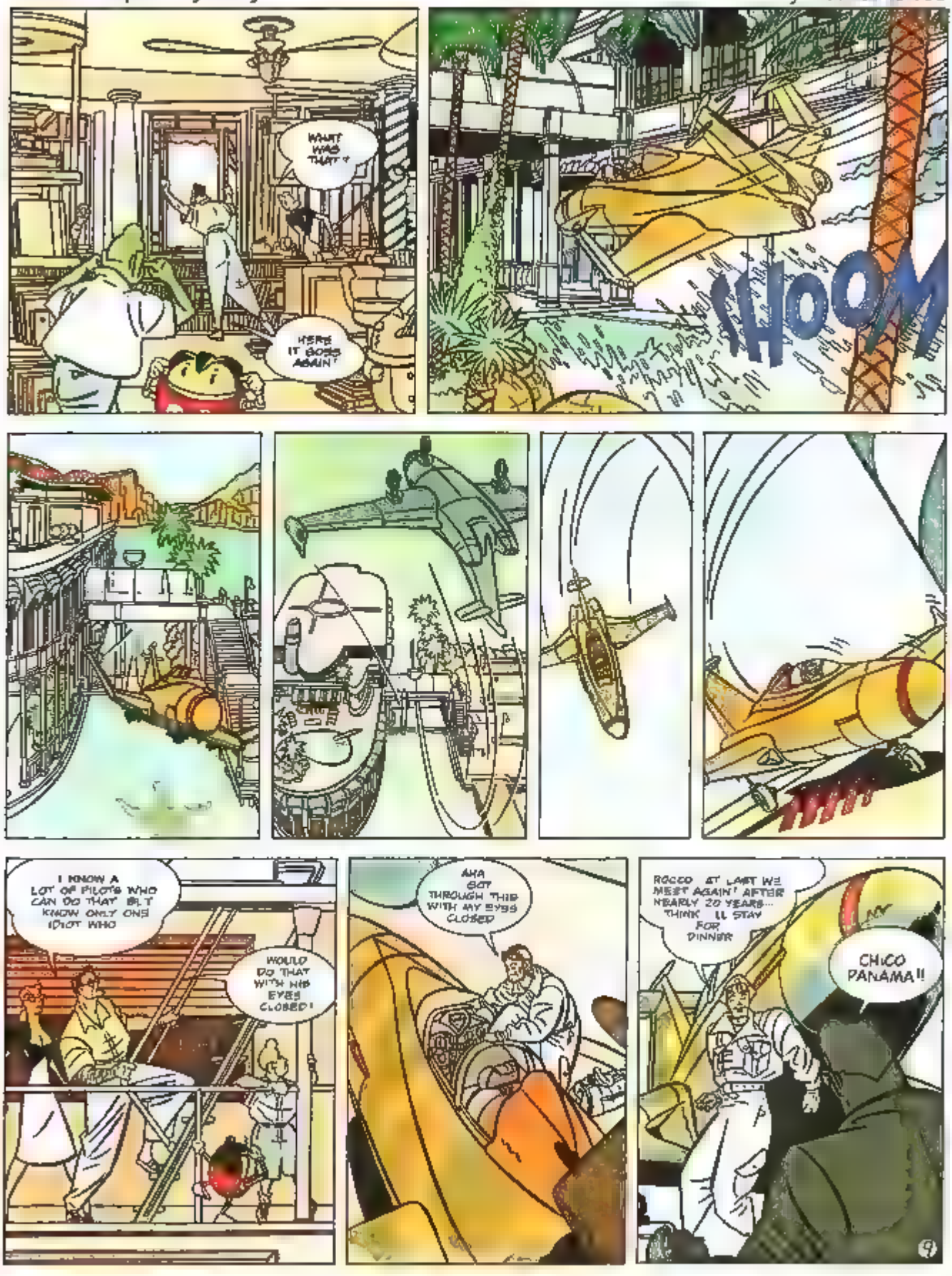
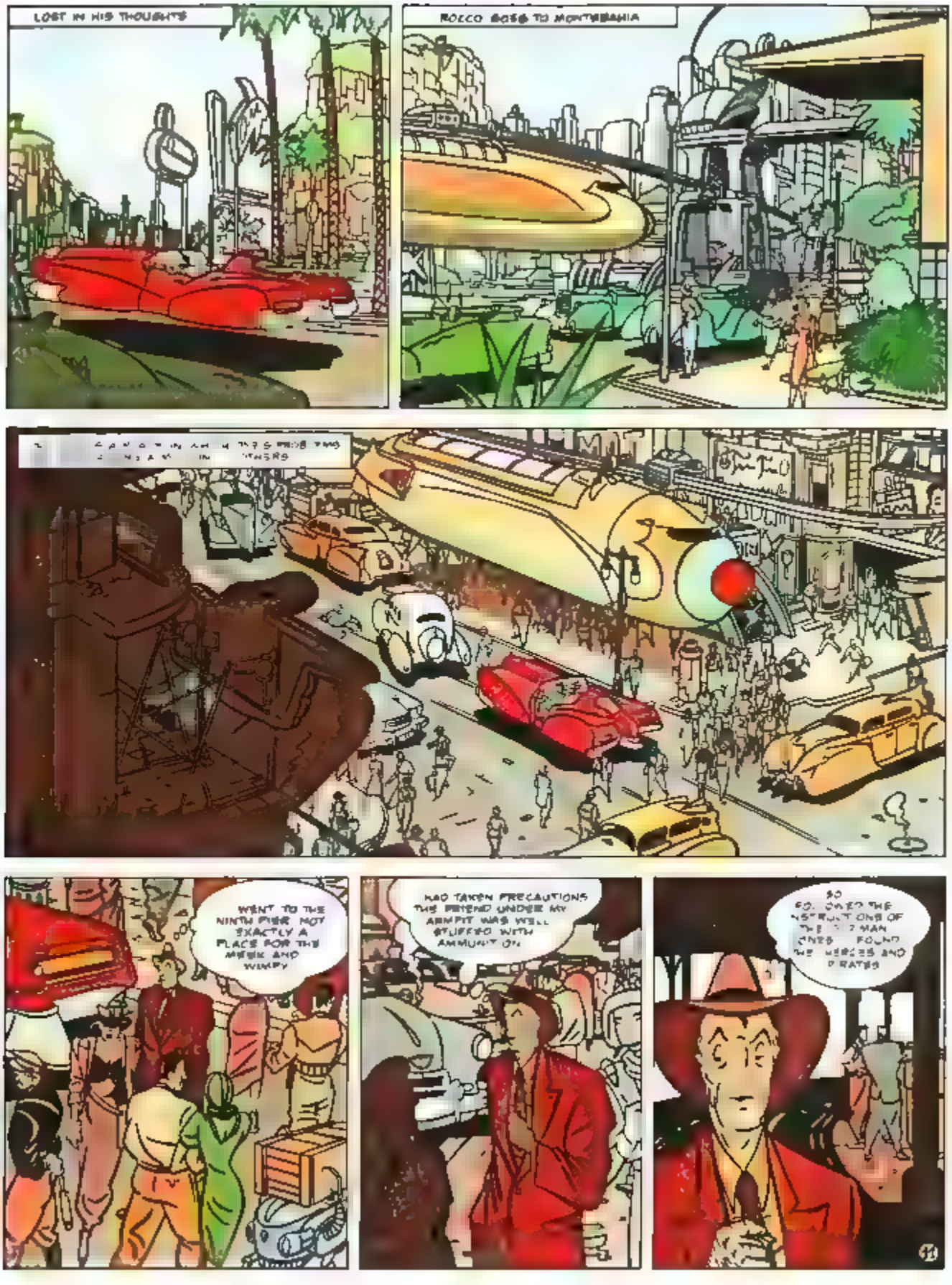
The Whisper Mystery

by Dan e Torres


WHAT WAS THAT?
HERE IT GOES AGAIN!
¡HOOM
I KNOW A LOT OF PILOTS WHO CAN DO THAT BUT KNOW ONLY ONE IDIOT WHO
WOULD DO THAT WITH HIS EYES CLOSED!
AHA GOT THROUGH THIS WITH MY EYES CLOSED
ROCCO AT LAST WE MEET AGAIN! AFTER NEARLY 20 YEARS... THINK I'LL STAY FOR DINNER
CHICO PANAMA!!

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?
SEEMS YOU'VE CHANGED OLD PAL BUT
LOVE YOUR CURRENT COMPANION
AND TO THINK THAT THIS GUY WHO USED TO RISK HIS LIFE EVERY DAY NOW SITS AT HIS DESK TYPING AWAY!
CRAC!
GREAT! HAVEN'T LOST MY BEST FRIEND YET!
HE'S BECOME VERY DAINTY HASN'T HE MY SWEET?
GO AWAY, PANAMA!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION HONEY AND SHOW ME AROUND

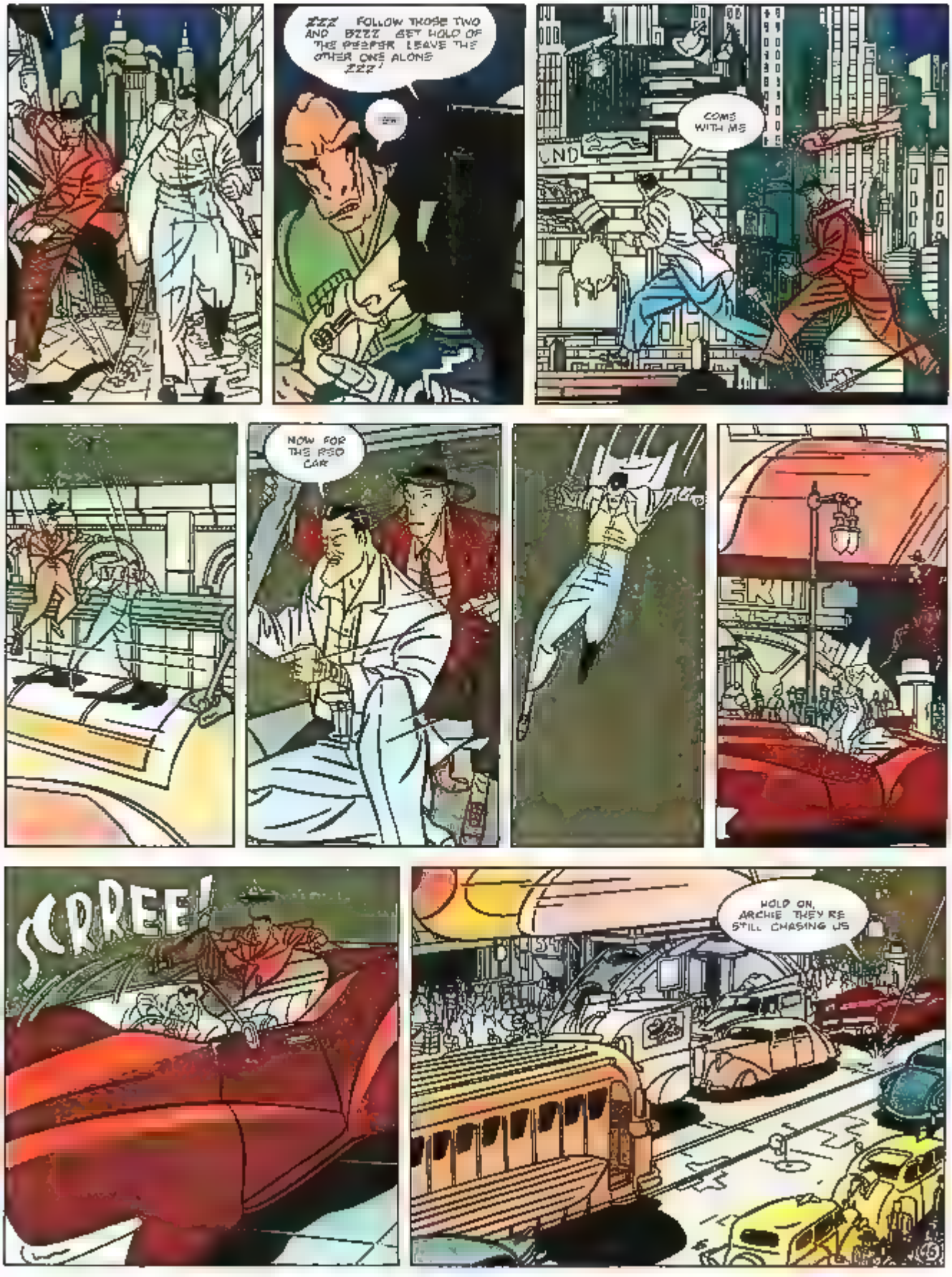

LOST IN HIS THOUGHTS
ROCCO BOSS TO MONTSERRATIA
WENT TO THE NINTH PIER NOT EXACTLY A PLACE FOR THE MEEK AND WIMPY
HAD TAKEN PRECAUTIONS THE FRIEND UNDER MY ARMPIT WAS WELL STUFFED WITH AMMUNITY ON
SO SO, ONCE THE MISTRUST ONE OF THE MAN ONES FOUND THE HEROES AND PIRATES

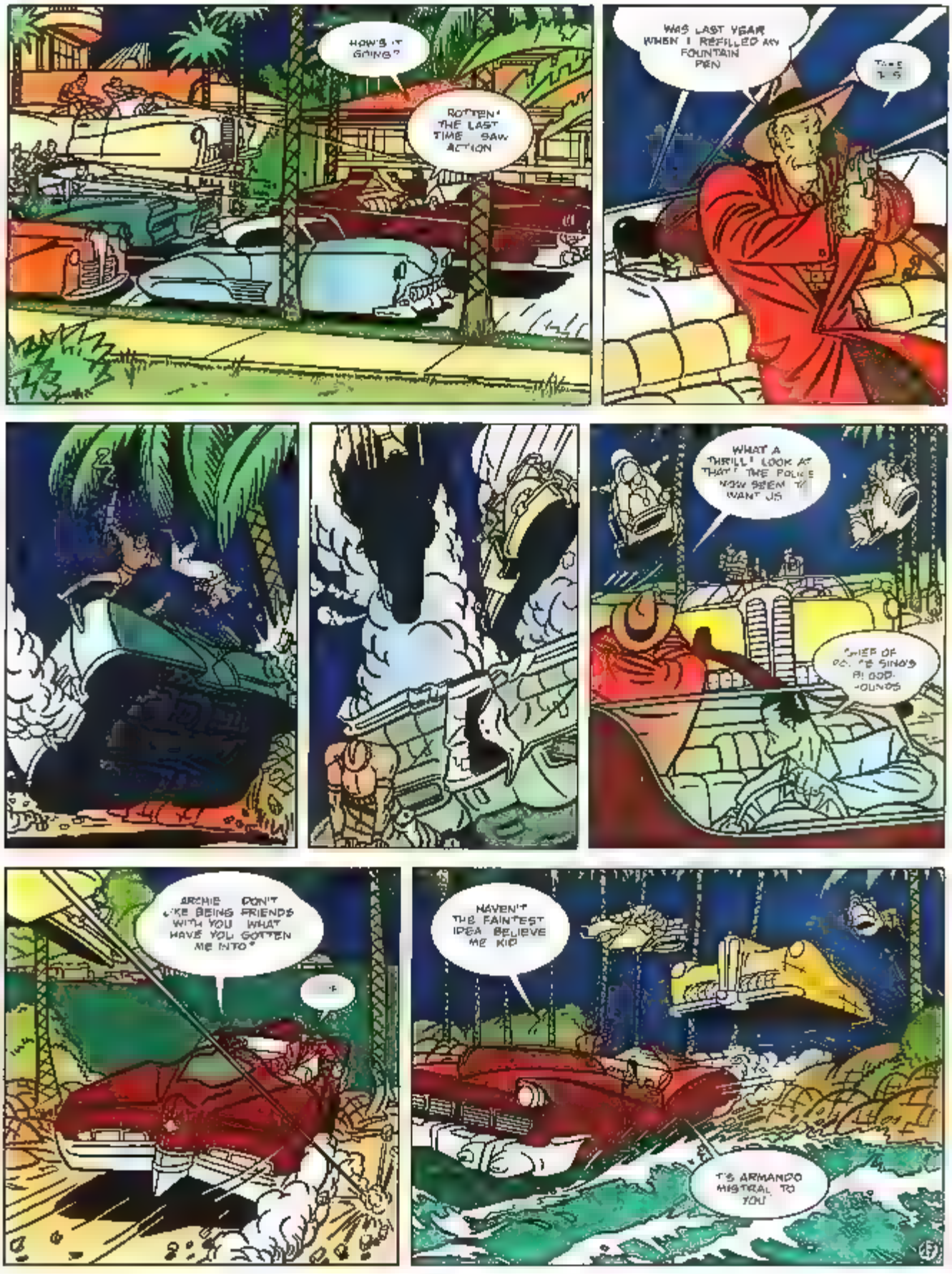
LIBROS
HEROES
PIRATAS
WANT A BOOK WHICH WILL BRING ME GOOD LUCK
A CHARMING PLACE. THE REGULARS WERE ALL WALKING ON THE MOON WITHOUT THEIR SPACE SUITS
FOLLOWED MY INSTRUCTIONS
THE MANAGER?
AND LET HIM HAVE IT!
" I KNOW ABOUT YOUR DEAL WITH KOO'S GANG "
?!
DID SHOCK YOU?
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE LOOKED AT ME
SOMETHING TOLD ME THAT WASN'T GOING TO LEAVE THERE WITHOUT SOME TROUBLE
JUST A MOMENT

BZZZ ! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE HE CAN'T KNOW ABOUT KOO ZZZ
THAT'S HIM. THE GUY IN THE HAT
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
BZZZ!
ZZZ" TAKE HIM TO THE PEP ZZZ
WE'LL OFFER HIM A BATH BZZ!
THE GUY CAME BACK AND TOOK ME TO THESE DRAWING ROOM WE KEPT SMILING SO I UNDID MY PISTOL'S SAFETY CATCH
A WHILE LATER WE WERE JOINED BY THE REST OF THE GROUP
ZZZ QUIET HE'S MINE
BZZ!!
HE UNCOVERED HIS ARTILLERY A REAL MASTER PIECE
REACHED FOR MY OLD [illegible] COULD ALWAYS TRY TO MAKE THEM DIE OF ALGUTED

?
WHAT THE HELL ?
HADN'T SENT OUT INVITATIONS THIS GUY HAD DECIDED TO CRASH THE PARTY
GET DOWN
BRILLANT IDEA
ROCCO ? ZE IT'S
ROCCO VARGAS !
?
MORE GUESTS

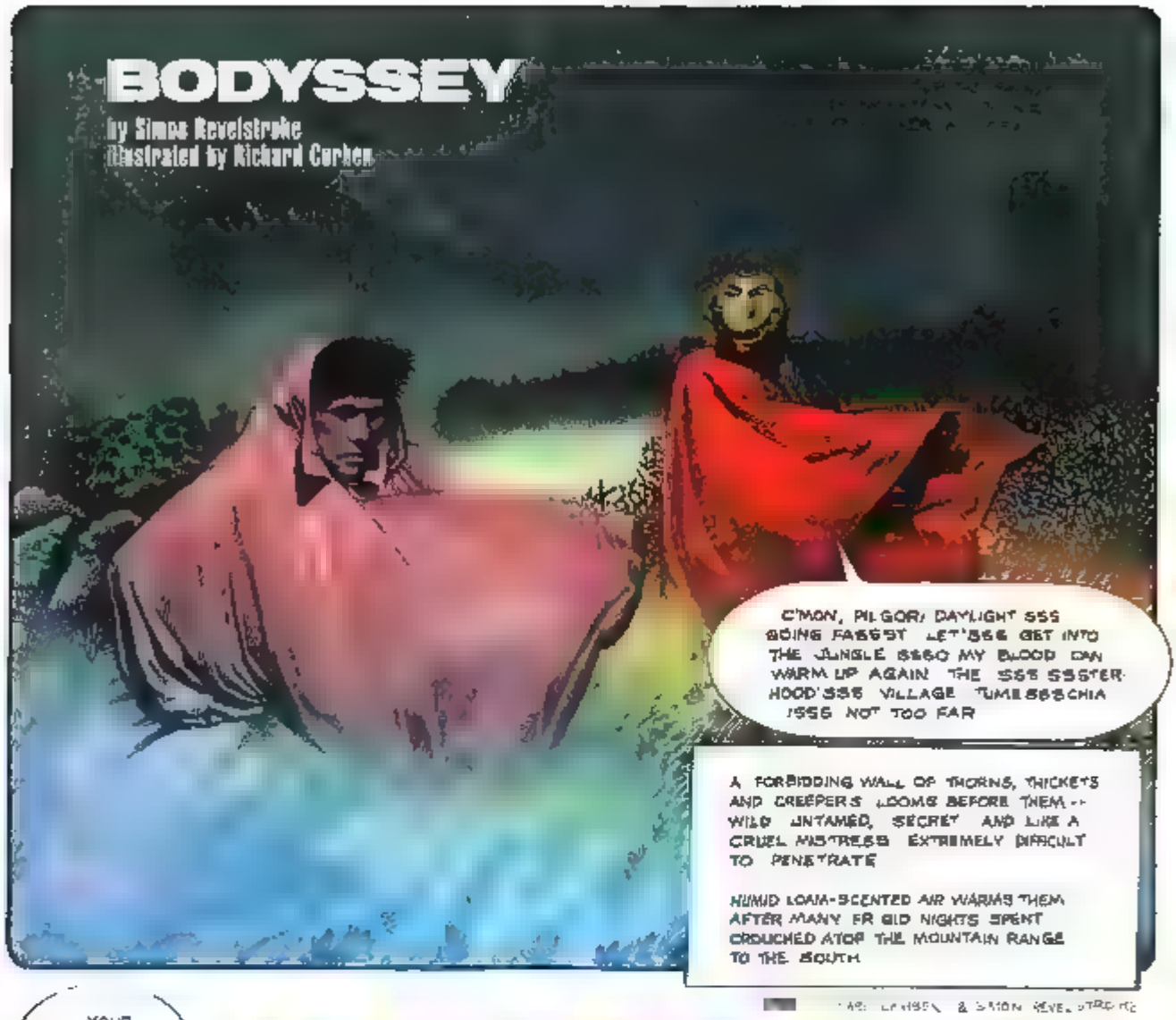
DEATH TO THE TRAITOR
WE'RE DEFINITELY THE HAM IN THIS SANDWICH
OKAY LET'S NOT FORGET OUR GOOD MANNERS MY NAME IS ARCHIE COOPER PRIVATE OK
BZZ THOSE ARE THE RAMITAS CALL OUR GUYS BZZ TELL THE REANOS TO ATTACK FROM THE SEA BZZZ AND MAKE SURE YOU WARN THE CHIEF OF POLICE
OK
HEY TOURIST LEAVE YOUR HAT ALONE AND AIM AT THE PARTY
I DON'T HAVE A PISTOL AND WHAT'S MORE I'M LEAVING
DON'T LEAVE BY YOURSELF YOU COULD GET LOST


ZZZ FOLLOW THOSE TWO AND BZZZ GET HOLD OF THE PEEPER LEAVE THE OTHER ONE ALONE ZZZ!
ZZZ
COME WITH ME
NOW FOR THE RED CAR
SCREE!
HOLD ON, ARCHIE THEY'RE STILL CHASING US

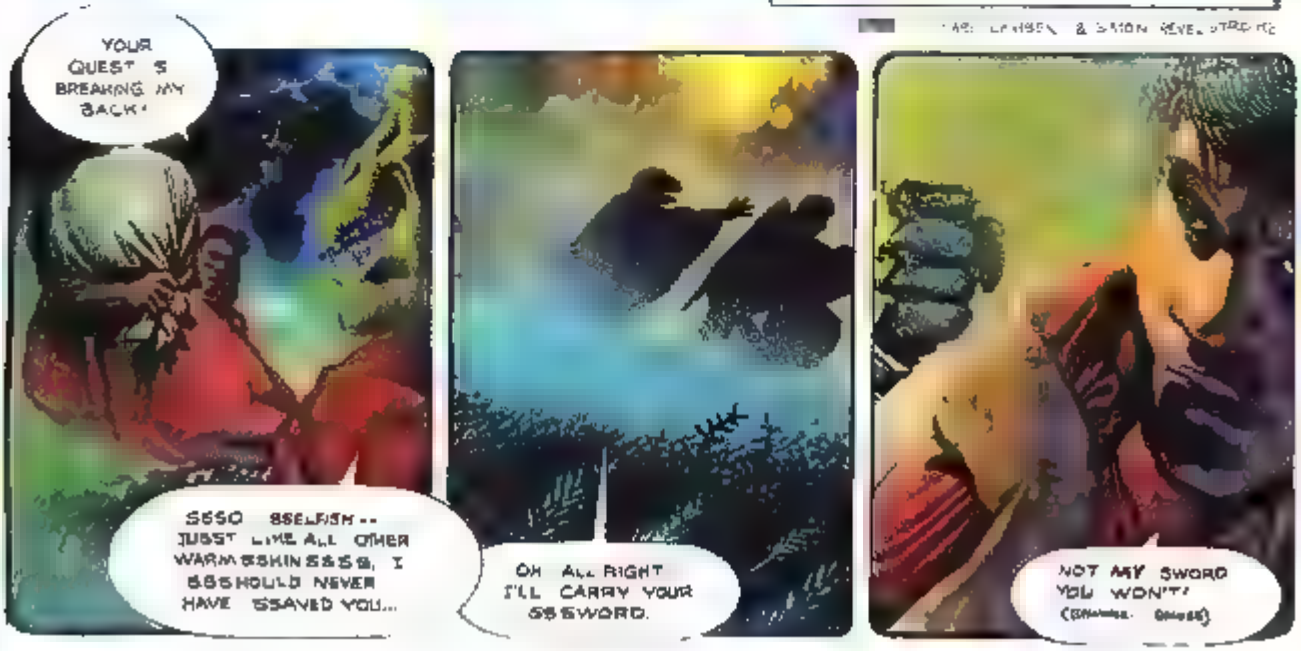

HOW'S IT GOING?
ROTTEN! THE LAST TIME I SAW ACTION
WAS LAST YEAR WHEN I REFILLED MY FOUNTAIN PEN
TIME FLIES
WHAT A THRILL! LOOK AT THAT! THE POLICE NOW SEEM TO WANT US
CHIEF OF PO... 'S SINGS A BAD... -OUNDS
ARCHIE DON'T LIKE BEING FRIENDS WITH YOU WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN ME INTO?
HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA BELIEVE ME KID
T'S ARMANDO MISTRAL TO YOU

BODYSSEY

by Simon Revelstroke
Illustrated by Richard Corben


C'MON, PILGOR! DAYLIGHT SSS GOING FASSST LET'SSS GET INTO THE JUNGLE SSSO MY BLOOD CAN WARM UP AGAIN THE SSS SSSTER HOOD'SSS VILLAGE TUMESSSCHIA ISSS NOT TOO FAR
A FORBIDDING WALL OF THORNS, THICKETS AND CREEPERS LOOMS BEFORE THEM -- WILD UNTAMED, SECRET AND LIKE A CRUEL MISTRESS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO PENETRATE
HUMID LOAM-SCENTED AIR WARMS THEM AFTER MANY FR GID NIGHTS SPENT CROUCHED ATOP THE MOUNTAIN RANGE TO THE SOUTH

TM & © RICHARD CORBEN & SIMON REVELSTROKE


YOUR QUEST S BREAKING MY BACK!
SSSO SSELFISH -- JUSST LIKE ALL OTHER WARM SSKIN SSSS, I SSSHOULD NEVER HAVE SSAVED YOU...
OH ALL RIGHT I'LL CARRY YOUR SSSWORD.
NOT MY SWORD YOU WON'T!

WHILE AT THE BASE OF THE SPINE OF THE ICE GIANTS. MANY LEAGUES TO THE SOUTH
ALL RIGHT YOU FAGGOTS YOU'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME DALLY NG W TH THAT MAN EATING PLANT PILGOR'S GETTING FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY
OH DID YOU COLLECT ALL THE SEEDS?
OH YETH MUTHTRETH.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE QUEST

HABTUR'S HAIRY TESTICLES! NOW WHAT?
CAN IT BE? IT LOOKSSS LIKE AMMORA
THOSE BREASTS
SSSHUTUP!

A GOLDEN-TRESSED MAIDEN, CRUELLY SHACKLED TO THE TIME NIBBLED DEATH COLUMNS.

QUICK! CUT HER LOOSSSE BEFORE THE BOONTHASS CATCH HER SSSCENT! I'LL GUARD YOUR REAR
YEAH - I BET

HM EXCUSE ME LASS ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
DO I LOOK LIKE I'M ALL RIGHT? DO I LOOK LIKE I'M ENJOYING MY SELF? OF COURSE, I'M NOT ALL RIGHT, LUNK
HELP!! HELP!!
THE DREADED EMERALD LIONS OF THE MAGIC PLANET!
YIPE
FEAR NOT! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
GRRRRRRRRR
I HOPE MY SWORD ARM GET GOING
SWISH!
CHOP!
KOONK
GROWL
SNAP!

PYRAP
CRUNP
OOF
SORRY
GHN
RAAAAK
GRAUGH
RRAWGH
THERE MY GOLDEN GODDESS -- YOU ARE FREE

A FORGOTTEN FACE FROM THE PAST PRICKS PILGOR'S MEMORY
PIG
KRAK
SSSORRY, PILGOR - I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THE SSSISSTERHOOD DOESN'T LIKE MEN
SME SMEQMELLA?
ON THE OTHERHAND, I AM HAPPY TO REPORT THEY SSSURE DO LIKE LISSS SSSCALY FOLK!
NO! THE SSSISSTERHOOD LOOK IDENTICAL, HAVING COME FROM ONE MOTHER BUT THERE ARE DIFFERENCESSS. AMMORA HAS A BIRTHMARK SSSHAPED LIKE A WIZARD SSS PHALLUSSS UNDER HER LEFT BREASSST. SSEE! THISSS ISS NOT AMMORA!
DON'T WORRY. I HAVE A PLAN
OH NO! I'M NOT GOING IN THERE TO PEER UNDER EVERY BOOB IN THE VILLAGE
WELL, AT LEAST NOW THIS DAMNED QUEST IS OVER. YOU'VE GOT YOUR WOMAN BACK NOW
WELL HELL YTGNA!

AS THEY APPROACH TUMESCHIA, THE GIRL AUREOLE, BLADE MATE OF QUEEN NIPRA THE PERT EXPLAINS HOW SHE CAME TO BE STAKED OUT
THE GREEN MONOLITH BITCHES CAUGHT ME AND ACCUSED ME OF WIFE-STEALING! IT WAS JUST A LITTLE DALLIANCE YOU KNOW JUST LIKE SHAKING GLANDS
GOLDEN HAIRED, SILKEN THIGHED AMAZONS STAND BOLDLY BEFORE THEM UNSMILING UNWELCOMING WHILE THE VICTIMS OF THIS MATRIARCHAL TYRANNY CRINGE AND CLING TO THE SHADOWS
THEY'RE SO THIN AND PITIFUL LOOK AT THOSE BRUISES!
YESSS THESSSE AMAZONSS LIKE IT ROUGH SSSOMETIMESSS' THEY SSTEAL MEN - USSSE THEM AND THEN TOSSSS THEM AWAY LIKE EMPTIED WINESKINSSS
BUT AMMORA ISSS DIFFERENT
MY SWORD IS READY!
NO AUREOLE SSS ROYAL BLOOD, THEY WON'T HURT HER AND SSSHE LIKESS ME
SSSEEE HOW THE MALESSS HERE ARE LESSSS THAN THE WILD DOGSSS OF THE FORESSST
FINE WHAT ABOUT ME?
SEIZE THEM! BIND THEIR BALLS!

JABBER
JABBER
JABBER
JIB JAM
JABBER
JAM
WHAT'RE THEY SAYING? IT SOUNDS LIKE GIBBERISH
NO, IT SSS JABBER, SSSH AN OBSSCURE AMAZON TONGUE. HMM - IT SEEMSSS THEY'RE MORE INTERESSSTED IN YOU, OR RATHER
IN A SSSERTAIN PORTION OF YOUR ANATOMY
RIP
YUM
WHEW!
HLBBA HLBBA
IT SSSEEMSSS AUREOLE WANTSSS TO GIVE YOU TO HER ROYAL SSSISSTER - BUT THE HIGH PRIESSSTESSS WANTSSS TO USSSE YOU FOR SSSOME OTHER PURPOSSSE
OOOODOEEEE
NOW DEGRADING I FEEL LIKE AN OBJECT
HEY MA!
YOU COME WITH ME!
LUCKY YOU, PIGGOR! CHEER UP! AUREOLE SSS GOT IT ALL FIXED!
THE WEAVER BE THANKED! SHE'S CHANGED HER MIND ABOUT ME BUT WHAT DO THEY WANT?

LISTEN, AUREOLE, I REALLY APPRECIATE THIS. I THINK THE PRIESTESS HAD SOMETHING NASTY IN MIND FOR ME
SILENCE! YOU TREAD ENCHANTED GROUND NOW
KNEEL!
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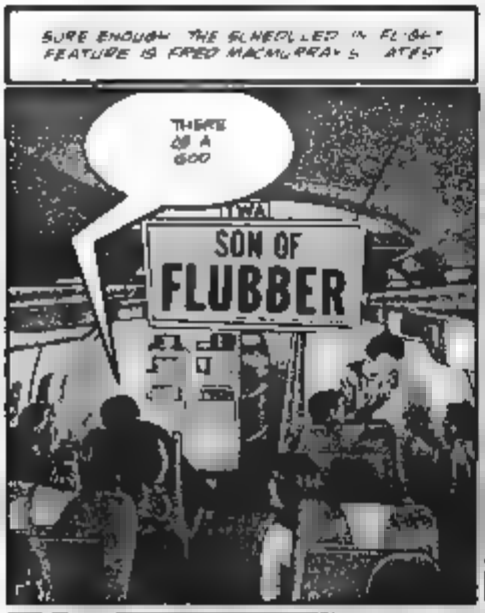
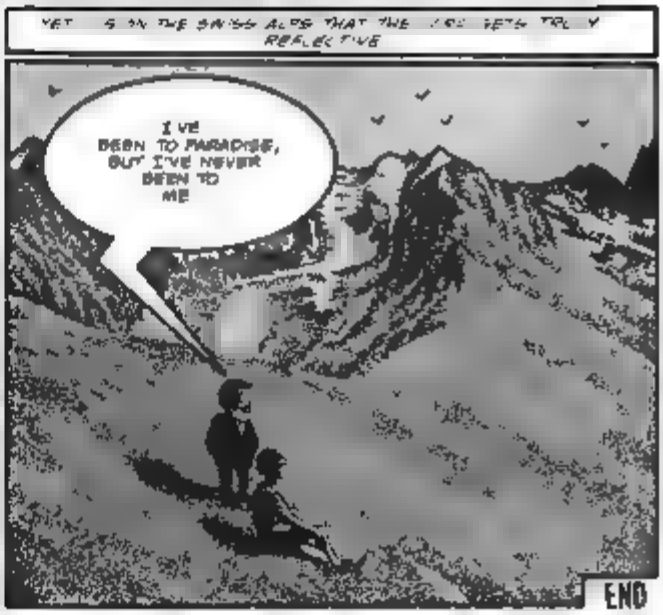
HM's HOLLYWOOD HELL

BY DREW FRIEDMAN © 1985

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE'S EUROPEAN VACATION





END

dossier

Edited by Steven Maloff

Library

● Volume three of ***The Edgar Rice Burroughs Library of Illustration*** (1984), delayed for years while publisher Russ Cochran attempted—and failed—to clear rights on "later Ace and Doubleday Frazettas," is, nevertheless, a bountiful treasury of ERB comics, drawings, and paintings, in quality repro shot from the original art, by Frank Frazetta (fourteen Ace paperback covers), Roy G. Krenkel (eleven Ace covers), Ed Emshwiller, Frank Schoonover, Reed Crandall, Morris Golub, Marion Ellrise, J. Allen St. John, Jesse Marsh, and "Tarzan" comic strip artists Burne Hogarth, Russ Manning, and Rex Maxon. Informative 1978 interviews with Krenkel and Frazetta include this gem from RGK, defining the difference between a picture and an illustration: "This is the sort of thing that drove me out of illustration. 'Seven gorillas, dressed in tuxedos, burst through the door, machine guns blazing, in the corner, the princess crouched, trembling, clutching the Amulet of Thoth to her bosom. The illustrator must: Show Amulet of Thoth. Show girl cringing. Show bosom. Show all seven gorillas as they burst through the door. Show that they are wearing tuxedos and that their machine guns are blazing! Well, screw that! I mean, there are guys who can do this. I ain't one of them fellows. Good luck. But a picture is an entirely different thing. You sit down with an idea for a figure action. If it works and you're lucky, you draw this great figure and put a sword in his hand. You see the background as a mist-shrouded land going off in the gloomy distance with a single light glowing in some evil castle. An invisible moon is casting dim light in the foreground. Well, I can do that. But who the hell can do the seven gorillas with machine guns blazing? To hell with the Amulet of Thoth! Get the distinction?" You get both pictures and illustrations in the *ERB Library*.

In addition to the paintings, both RGK and Frazetta are represented by pages of black-and-white interiors, but considering the faithful halftone negative work in the *ERB Library*, it seems a shame that Cochran has ignored Frazetta's more dynamic ERB interiors—the ones that were poorly reproduced in the 1981 *Frank Frazetta, the Living Legend*. Flashy research surfaces in occasionally misspelled names: Crandall illustrations, labeled "never-before-published," include two that were printed in 1964 in *Castle of Frankenstein* #5. Despite the $300 price tag for the full three-volume set (from Russ Cochran, Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775), these books have been eagerly snapped up by ERB connoisseurs who appreciate the nice stuff in life.

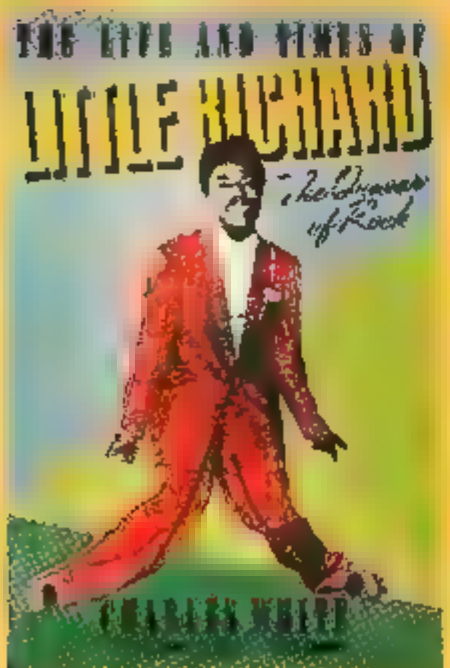
—Bob

LOVE AND ROCKETS

Zine

● ***Castle Rock, The Stephen King Newsletter*** (twelve dollars a year to Stephanie Leonard, Box 8183, Bangor, ME 04401), which takes its name from King's mythical Maine town (*The Dead Zone, Cujo*), serves as a passport for loyal subjects of the Kingdom with classifieds, addresses for limited editions, news items (interviews, film/radio/TV adaptations, books about SK, press manifestos), cartoons, and puzzles. Fortunately, editor Leonard has more in mind than King trivial pursuit. #2 began the serialization of SK's "Dean's Cadillac," and Teresa Bogenato told how she spent her vacation at the Stanley Hotel (model for *The Shining*'s Overlook). Readers have complained about *Castle Rock*'s gothic typeface, but it's distinctive and appropriate. Wonder how many people read both the *Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter* and *Castle Rock*?

—Bob



Rock

● Little Richard once had a sexual interlude with Buddy Holly and Richard's girlfriend, Angel, moments before Holly was due to perform onstage. That's the sort of bonbon that makes Charles White's *The Life and Times of Little Richard: The Quasar of Rock* (Harmony) worth sticking with, even though its patchwork structure—interviews with Richard and his friends and lovers interspersed with bits of narration by White—make this more of a scrapbook than a fully formed biography. Richard Penniman's early days as rock's first out-and-out lunatic are more interesting than his later life as preacher and comeback-rocker, but he was a genuine original whose impact on music is still being felt. Learning from White's book that he was also a voyeur and a compulsive masturbator doesn't add luster to the legend, but neither does it diminish it.

—Mike Barson

Dueling ZOMBIES

Celluloid Grave Robbing with *Dead* Boys Dan O'Bannon and George Romero

O'Bannon's *Return*

In 1983, **Dan O'Bannon** told *HM*, "I sit with my hands crossed twiddling my thumbs, waiting until I can get behind the camera." At thirty-seven, O'Bannon has finally gotten his chance—he makes his directorial debut with *Return of the Living Dead*, which he also wrote. After co-writing (with John Carpenter and editing *Dark Star*, O'Bannon went on to co-write Ridley Scott's *Alien* and John Badham's *Blue Thunder* before acquiring the final chapter in the life and times of our favorite zombies. The film is no relation to Romero's zombiefest, *Day of the Dead*, but there is another story in any event, O'Bannon seemed as eager to direct a film as he was to talk about the experience.

—Steven Malloff

Heavy Metal: How did you come to direct *Return of the Living Dead*?

Dan O'Bannon: Well, I've been trying for years to get something to direct, but luck hasn't been with me. And when the opportunity popped up to direct this, I just grabbed it, you know? Almost didn't matter what it was. It has a kind of byzantine history. A producer named Tom Fox acquired the rights to the *Living Dead* title from John Russo, who had written *Night of the Living Dead* for [George] Romero. It was then taken to Tobe Hooper to direct, and Tobe asked me to script it. I scripted it to his specifications, and then Tobe left the project to direct *Life Force* [the film adaptation of Colin Wilson's *Space Vampires*]. While I was scripting *Life Force* for him with Don Jakoby, the producers offered *Living Dead* to me. So I had a little debate with my conscience—artistic and otherwise—and ground it into the dirt and said, "You're damn right I better direct this thing quick." All I've ever wanted to be is a director and I hadn't been having any breaks in that direction. I accepted and thus we commenced.

HM: So you'd been trying to direct for some time. Any specific projects?

DO'B: I had meant to direct *Alien*. That was just laughed off like a fart in a windstorm. It was a major studio. They were going to put big bucks in it. It's like some guy walks into a gas station and says, "I'm here to direct *Star Wars Part IV*." So that went out the window. Then I was ill for a while. I was ill when I wrote *Blue Thunder*, so I couldn't direct that. Then I made a deal with MGM to write and direct *Sorcerer's Apprentice* with Don Jakoby. We wrote it, and then MGM kind of took a big wave across the bow, as they seem to at intervals. So nothing was made there. When I was well again I started getting really antsy. Then the Writers Guild struck and for about a year and a half the industry didn't work. You see what I mean?

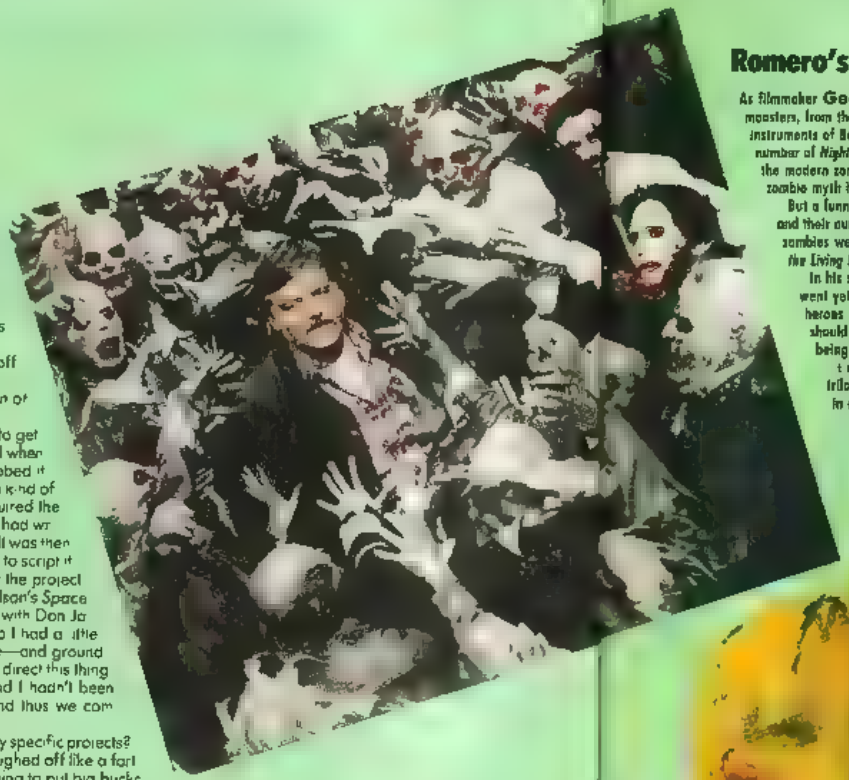
HM: Projects slipping through your fingers.

DO'B: One thing after another. Finally, the Writers Guild strike ended, and I was ready to direct. Everything in my life that had not been in order finally was. I had determined that the way to direct is to direct the first thing that comes along and to be perhaps more selective later. I had been observing the careers of other young directors who began with films I would not have considered auspicious who quickly went on to become major directors. So it's modest and it won't hurt at all.

HM: Is it directing from here on in for you?

DO'B: Absolutely. That doesn't rule out writing, but that certainly is secondary to me. As a matter of fact, I am writing stuff for other directors right now.

(DO'B cont'd on page 48)



Romero's *Day*

As filmmaker **George Romero** points out, zombies have always been relegated to the lowest class in the hierarchy of mythological monsters, from their early incarnations in films like Victor Halperin's *White Zombie* (1932), in which the undead were nothing more than the instruments of Bela Lugosi's evil will, and Jacques Tourneur's *I Walked with a Zombie* (1943), to their more contemporary appearances in any number of *Night of the Living Dead* rip-offs, in which the zombies serve as little more than target practice. But what Romero, who spawned the modern zombie film cycle with his 1968 classic, ***Night of the Living Dead***, perhaps does not know is that on one level the zombie myth has always been political, that the original zombies were black slaves who could not escape slavery, even after death.

But a funny thing happened to zombies in the hands of Pittsburgh-based filmmaker Romero: they started moving up the social ladder, and their numbers multiplied. No longer the dull-witted, shambling brutes of B-grade fare like *The Zombies of Mora Tau* (1957), Romero's zombies were ordinary, middle-class, and white. In fact, Romero turned the stereotype on its ear when he made his hero in *Night of the Living Dead* a black man who thirty years earlier would have been cast as just another cane-harvesting "undead."

In his sequel ***Dawn of the Dead*** (1979), an unrated, low-budget film that has earned $55 million, the Bronx-born Romero went yet one step further. His zombies became upwardly mobile American consumers jamming suburban shopping malls, while his heroes remained mavericks. Romero's political message is clear: the American middle class has become zombie-like, a fact that should be apparent to anyone who's watched television lately, and his cautionary note is that we're all just one bite away from being zombies ourselves.

I caught up with "zombie-buster" George Romero in Wampum, Pennsylvania, on the set of his third installment in the *Dead* trilogy, which was being shot inside a 125-acre limestone mine. Titled ***Day of the Dead*** and featuring a "good" zombie in one of the leads, this may just be Romero's last word on the subject.

—James Verniere

Heavy Metal: So the love affair with zombies continues.

George Romero: [laughs] Yeah. I do love 'em.

HM: You've been working with zombies for years now.

GR: And I get more sympathetic to them each time.

HM: Are *they* becoming more sympathetic?

GR. Not really. We're just getting to know them better. It happened in the *Frankenstein* series. It happened with Kong. It happens to any monster that sticks around long enough.

HM: Maybe in the next film you could have a human/zombie love affair, a whole new kind of love bite. [Romero laughs]. You've answered this a million times, but what was the original inspiration for the first film?

GR: I read Richard Matheson's *I Am Legend*, and I wrote a little short story myself, not really thinking I could do it better but because I wanted to write a story about one society swallowing up another and becoming the new society.

HM: What was the title of the story?

GR: "Anubis." It's the name of the Egyptian god of the dead who's supposed to lead the dead on a march to reclaim the earth.

HM: The first film, *Night of the Living Dead*, was a tremendous underground and later above-ground hit, despite the critical abuse heaped upon it.

GR. The abuse was actually partially responsible for its success. Well, it was also great, of course [laughs]. But I also think that the film went one step over the line in terms of graphic scenes. I also think it was because of the black lead. Nineteen sixty-eight was a pretty active and angry time in politics and race relations.

HM. How was the original film rated?

GR: It didn't have a rating; there was no system then. In fact, *Night of the Living Dead* was one of the films people used to write about when they said, "We need a rating system." Ultimately, that kind of thing served to help the film. People started to notice it. There was a piece about it in *Sight and Sound* and then another by Rex Reed and then another by Roger Ebert, who did a scathing article saying that children should not be exposed to this. After all that attention, everyone wanted to see it.

HM: You've chosen subsequently to remain outside the rating system that you were in part responsible for.

GR: Well, yes. I'm happy this way. Certainly, I wouldn't be able to if I didn't have finance people backing my work who allowed me to do it. Being on the outside of

(GR cont'd on page 48)

(DO'B cont'd from 46)

MM: What are you writing?

DO'B: [illegible]

Pictures, tentatively entitled *Aggressor*, which . I better not tell the plot. I'm writing again with Dan Jakoby

MM: [illegible]

that just hearsa

DO'B: [illegible]

Second Variety. It was one of his better stories, although one of his grimmer ones. But it's very nicely plotted, with the very best of Dick's twists and reality shifts and things. That was written a couple of years back on consignment for a company, and the way things developed, they folded and the script devolved into my possession. And then sold it to the people who did *Martian Chronicles* for TV. They've had it for a while. It's a good, good story. It's just depressing, that's all.

MM: Getting back to becoming a director, why was it such an

DO'B: Because that's the way my talents and interests go. Always has been, my entire life. I didn't start out as a writer. As a teenager, I acted. Then majored in art, and subsequent to that I switched over to the cinema department. 'd grown up watching movies, and it just seemed that that was what wanted to do and had the talent for. When I hit this town, you know, I didn't find it very easy breaking in. So I chose screenwriting as a way

MM: Many first-time directors come to their films exploding with years' worth of ideas, but unprepared in other ways. What was it like for you?

DO'B: didn't arrive at all unprepared. I've been in this town for fifteen years, and every year that I've not been able to direct I've spent studying and preparing for the problem of directing. Thinking of it from up, down, sideways. Thinking of every problem involved. The working with actors, preparing the script, preproduction. I worked in production capacities on everything from *Dark Star* through *Alien*. 've edited, I've done production design. I've done special effects, if anything, was overprepared. And what was it like? It was probably the most exciting thing I've ever done. It was also very grueling, very difficult. Often painful. We had an extremely short shooting schedule, which meant I couldn't get all the camera angles I wanted. Things like that. The pressures were tremendous. And whatever the budget was, it was too low. It was painful not having enough time to think. As the first camera operator said to me, "I just hate it when we're shooting the schedule and not the movie."

MM: What kinds of ideas were you able to convey as a director that you haven't been able to express through your screenplays?

DO'B: First of all, I was able to actually use the words wrote. As an experiment, was probably more rigid than I'll be in any future films in actually filming what I wrote. Every script 've written over the years, I've taken such great care constructing it to play on the screen. And they'd always been pretty casual with it. So I had never seen a script of mine filmed as written. That made for some trouble, too, because, schedule-wise, I probably should have dropped some scenes. In terms of other things I was able to convey? Well, could actually get down there with the actors for once and work with having them convey the meaning of the lines.

MM: Certainly the visualization must be the biggest draw to directing film.

DO'B: For some. For the current crop of purely camera-eyed directors, sure. I like to tell a story. There's a huge category of directors right now who really don't understand those things and are rather uncomfortable with them—but they really go to town with the photographic image. know from personal experience that, in fact, it's the least important thing to the audience. The most important to them are the characters, the story. I knew that if I punched out some photographic masterpiece in which the story and performances were inadequate, it would get me points with certain departments.

MM: What's your reaction to Romero's movie, *Day of the Dead*?

DO'B: He's made his own. He has a right to. I haven't seen it. Haven't read his script. He read my script long before he started shooting. I tried to guess what he might try to make, based on

to make sure we didn't cross over, but I have no idea. The only thing I saw was his makeup man on the *Letterman* show the other night showing off those amazing dummies. But it still does tell me what it's about, except that he is considerably more interested than I am in the biological details of the matter. I think that my film will be easier for the average audience to sit through than Romero's. Mine s a comedy.

MM: Straight comedy? Social satire?

DO'B: O'Bannon comedy. hope that the viewing public gets a boot out of it. And hope Romero does too. I certainly look forward to his film. I tried to stay as far as possible off his toes. What it is, to the extent that it is based on Romero's, is an homage

MM: When you say homage, do you mean out of respect or just

DO'B: Uh, respect rather than specific references. Kind of a tongue-in-cheek nod to him. Without any attempt to be as potent as he is in his own specialty. There's just no point. I mean, he can do it better.

(DO'B cont'd from page 47)

the system gives me more freedom.

MM: How much did the original cost?

DO'B: [illegible] to make. By the time we paid it off and all the people who had worked for free it cost about $114,000. *Return of the Dead* cost $1.5 million.

MM: And *Day of the Dead*? How much will it cost, and will it be the last?

DO'B: [illegible] million. And it might be the last one, although the story [illegible] and there. I had the script finished a couple of years ago, knowing at the time that I had a contractual obligation to make the movie by 1985. The original script would have culminated about a $7 million film, but we were not to the people looking it that if we wanted $7 million we would have to guarantee us a hit. Or make it for $3.5. So I opted for the latter.

MM: You wrote the s ript for *Return of the Dead*. But you had a collaborator on the first film. Is that the reason there is a *Return of the Living Dead* film that's been made by Dan O'Bannon?

DO'B: [illegible] and wrote the original screenplay and actually had some rights to the property. And also did the manufacture of flight of the living [illegible].

MM: [illegible] the right to make a living dead film and so with O'Bannon.

DO'B: [illegible] gave [illegible] other rights to the property. At the time we had a very [illegible] thing to do. [illegible] what happened was that the publisher of Jack's novelization asked him to do a novel called *Return of the Living Dead*. That novel was then bought by [illegible]. I'm not the horse's mouth on this, but as I understand it [illegible] got into it.

MM: [illegible] anything more about O'Bannon's film?

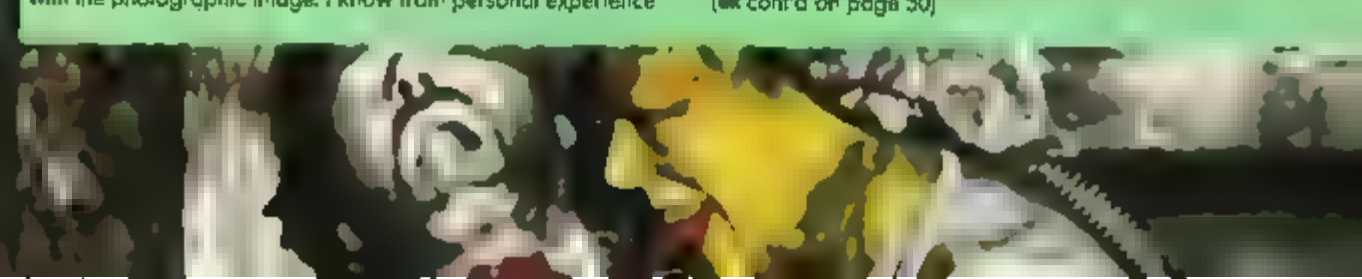
DO'B: [illegible] and would rather not comment.

MM: You may be the zombies' best friend, but you've made other films, like [illegible] and [illegible] that do not feature the flesh eaters. Are the *Living Dead* films are the most popular?

DO'B: [illegible] The is the most popular of a certain series. But actually *Creepshow* made more money in the United States.

MM: [illegible] there were a few others who are to yourself. I wish [illegible]

(DO'B cont'd on page 50)



COMICS

● *Love and Rockets* #10 is "a special celebratory issue" with added pages and an unusual "sketchbook insert" that indicates how Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez generate their ceaseless flow of *L&R* story ideas. Numerous people who work in comics call this "the best comic of the year," but how do you review work that even the editor (Gary Groth, best editor of the year) calls "an uncategorizable genre all their own"? Issues #1 through #8 are sold out, but get a six-issue sub by sending $7.95 to Fantographics (707 Camino Manzanos, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360). And look in your local comics shop for *L&R* characters in this summer's full-color three-issue mini-series, *Mechanics*, reprinting from #2 and #3 plus a new Penny Century serial. Names in the letters column suggest that the Hernandez brothers' diversity of remarkable female characters has given *L&R* an ever increasing female readership.

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HARMONY BOOKS

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● ***Night Drive***, subtitled "Portraits for Reckless Brains," offers a Borges quote: "The solution to the mystery is always inferior to the mystery itself" treating short tales by Richard Sala, who has freelanced as an illustrator in the Southwest and the Bay Area for the past five years. "It was my aim," says Sala, "to produce a different kind of book, an offbeat mood-piece evoking our darker inner drives." Send five dollars to Sala (3330 College Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705), and you'll get twenty-eight pages of fear, rage, and guilt—mysterious "depictions of the shadow-side of the human condition," all drawn in Sala's nervous line and printed on patterned paper.

—Bhob

BIO

● One of the nice things to have happened in the last few years is the resurgence of a number of comics once labeled silly, stupid, moronic, and, worse yet, talentless. Abbott and Costello have risen in popularity, as have some of the early silent comics, Jerry Lewis, and even Harry Truman. But probably none have risen so quickly—and really out of nowhere—as the **Three Stooges.** Their brand of insane comedy has hit its mark in these slapstick days. ***Larry: The Stooge in the Middle*** is about Larry Fine, the unheralded Stooge, written by a very proud brother, Morris "Moe" Feinberg. In a nutshell, it's a nice book by a nice man about a nice guy, a guy you always liked in the movies and a guy you will really like after this book. The book takes us from the early, tough days in vaudeville to the formation of the Three Stooges (or the Three Lost Souls, as they were originally called). Along the way we meet Moe, Curly, Shemp, Joe Besser, and Curly-Joe.

You really have to love the Stooges to enjoy this book. It doesn't tell you much about the business, and there are no juicy stories to keep you glued. It's more of a pat on the back to an overlooked comic than an in-depth, smart-filled bio. Larry Fine doesn't shoot up, nor does he get into fights. He's a good guy and a great comic being given some long-overdue recognition.

LARRY

—Andy Sansone

(GR cont'd from page 48)

lose these zombies"?

GR: Well, not really. I'm still having fun doing it. So I don't have any complaints about it. It's a hard question to respond to. Sure, I don't want to do it forever. But I haven't been doing it forever. Right now I have no plans to do another one. But maybe a couple of years from now I'll think about it again.

HM: What was your original motivation back in 1968? Did you want to make a quick score? Did you want to be a horror filmmaker? Or was it just a stepping stone to "serious" work?

GR: We had a commercial production company at the time, and we tried several times to raise money for a movie. I wanted to make a Bergmanesque medieval film. It was at the time of *David and Lisa*, the sort of growing independent film movement. You could make money with a small distributor. Anyway, we were not able to raise money for a "serious" film. So we decided to try to make a horror film, since backers seemed to prefer that genre.

HM: Were you always an aspiring filmmaker?

GR: Well, I was really self-taught in terms of the basic hardware. I first came to Pittsburgh to study painting and design at Carnegie-Mellon. But I always tried to make films, even as a kid, with my uncle's eight-millimeter. I always thought being a filmmaker was a kind of unattainable goal, something that was only possible in Tinseltown.

HM: What films do you recall seeing as a child?

GR: The only four that I remember the circumstances of were *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, *The Thing*, *The Quiet Man*, and *Tales of Hoffman*. I have really vivid memories of those four films.

HM: That's three fantasy films and one John Ford. You were clearly a fantasist even then. What frightened you as a kid?

GR: *The Thing* scared the shit out of me. *Tales of Hoffman* scared me, too. It's become my all-time favorite film. The imagery in it is a gas.

HM: What do you think the appeal of horror and fantasy is?

GR: In general I think that these films put us in touch with ourselves. Anything that brings an involuntary response out of us automatically makes us look inward—a startle, a laugh, a tear, any of that. Any film that can do that is successful. I think that's one of the reasons people go to see horror films so regularly. They're hooked on that emotional charge.

HM: So the films put you in touch with your visceral self.

GR: Yeah, and it works in other genres. You can watch *It's a Wonderful Life* a dozen times and not tire of the emotional kick it gives you. In the case of my series I think these films are a little more irreverent. They hack the system; they go that extra step, both in terms of the grass-out and as allegories. Now, I don't really know how many people care about the allegorical nature of the films. But first of all I try to make the films a roller-coaster ride. That's the most important thing. Underneath that there's an allegorical element that appeals to some people as well.

HM: That allegorical element was much clearer in *Dawn of the Dead*, which was generally perceived as a satire of consumerism.

GR: Yeah, it was so clear that it was practically part of the surface. *Dawn* was a slapstick satire, really.

HM: *Creepshow*, the film you made with Stephen King, was a tribute to EC Comics. Were comics an influence on your visual style?

GR: Sure, I think the visual simplicity of my films must go back to that. But it isn't by design. Now, *Creepshow* was a conscious attempt to imitate EC. But I haven't done that in all my films. Sometimes it's hard to differentiate between an influence and a fond memory.

HM: Your detractors argue that your zombie films pander to the lowest common denominator and appeal to the basest instincts. That in a sense you're exploiting a negative impulse—the beast, if you will—within all of us.

GR: That might be [laughs heartily]. I can't answer that.

HM: But you must think about it.

GR: I just know the kind of effect the films have on me, and on the people I work with. I will gleefully go see a film and get an absolutely innocent kick out of it. I mean, I wanna see that stuff. When I go to the movies with these guys [gesturing around him] we all go insane, laughing and screaming. We just have a good time.

HM: But have you ever lost that kick? Is there a segment of society that is so frustrated that it responds to aggressive behavior in a negative way? I'm much more afraid of a *Dirty Harry* film in that context than I am of a fantasy film. I don't think we should forget that what we have here are monster movies.

HM: What frightens George Romero today?

GR: I'm still kind of worried about the Bomb. In terms of films, there aren't many today that frighten me. *Alien* was the last one that did.

HM: And it had the visceral terror.

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HM: Can you still pick up tips from someone else's work?

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HM: A few final questions now. If film is a personal statement, what do your films say about you?

GR: [laughs warily] Well, I guess in a strange way they're all optimistic films. They're all underdog films. I'm not a demanding or insistent person. I'm a listener, and I find in my life that it's hard to say what's right and what's wrong. I'm very slow and cautious to get involved politically or romantically. So what I try to do in my films is make the issues less than black-and-white. And my heroes are usually people who have no idea what to do next.

HM: Whose side are you on? Zombies or humans?

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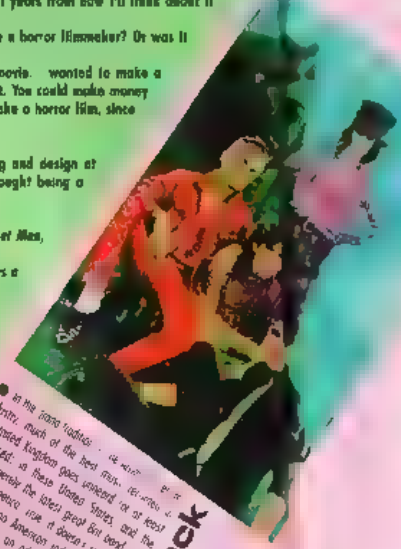

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OVER-POWERING!

Rock

● In the grand tradition of rock 'n' roll industry, much of the best music, re-issues & unreleased, is these days coming out of the United Kingdom (you remember, the land that gave us the Beatles). Cult is currently the latest great Brit band, too hip for America (i.e. it doesn't sound much like anything on American radio, but at 1980 U2 certainly was an oddity and now it rules the world).

The Cult is an outgrowth of a band originally called Southern Death Cult (also Death Cult) and all these names have outfits and extremely well thought out images. Ian Astbury, lead singer, has been the Cult's only constant member, and he's the British equivalent of Jim Morrison—an unpredictable, charismatic, sometimes dangerous performer who's not afraid to take big risks on stage. Astbury's voice is a cross between Morrison's and Bowie's, with a touch of Lou Reed's sneer. Musically, the Cult is a unique blend of Doors-like psychedelia, Stones-like rock & roll, and Sabbath-like heavy metal. Their debut album, *Dreamtime*, is a bit uneven, but the best tracks ("Horse Nation," "Spiritwalker," "Phoenix") are among the best rock songs released in the past year. Their second album, *Love*, is more consistent and more commercial, with the single "She Sells Sanctuary" getting heavy airplay on MTV. Their third album, *Electric*, is due out in May, and the Cult is scheduled to tour the U.S. in June. Check them out.

—Ian Spelling

Fiction

● Tony Hillerman's *The Ghostway* (Harper & Row), the sixth novel in the fine mystery series about Navajo tribal policeman Jim Chee, is not his best, mainly because the supernatural elements are downplayed this time around. Though we still must contend with—through Chee—the Navajo belief that a spirit interrupted during his journey to the underworld can become a maddiesome ghost. Nevertheless, this is one of the best detective series around, with much about modern Navajo culture, the intricacies of police work in the vast American Southwest, and the nasty things people inevitably do to each other when there's something to be gained. Also check out *Dance Hall of the Dead*, *The Blessing Way*, and *Listening Woman*, currently in paperback (Avon).

—Michael Barson

ZINE

● Although **Mike Barrier's Funnyworld** started out in 1969 as a mimeographed news service it eventually evolved into the most revered (& even-handed) fanzine ever on animation. When Funnyworld folded the journalism buffs turned to **Amazing** 3" 2" Stories (Box 4, Minneapolis, MN 55408). Dr. Holmes Are Minneapolis, MN 55408). Dr. gest-sized with untrimmed edges, Amazing looks Funnyworld's slick design/production but retains Brand New/Ron Folk magazine with an enthusiastic, fact-packed coverage of both cartoons featuring, fact-packed coverage of both cartoons (Tezuka, Avery, Bakshi) and creatures (Godzilla, Snuggly, Lancaster Robbin Armstrong). More than a dozen back issues, three dollars each; are available from Ahoy! but if you want treasures sooner, you've got to find your own paper cuts. —Ahoy!

ZINE

● ***Ed "Big Daddy" Roth's Kaw-Bunga Catalog*** ($3.50 to 14245 Son Fabricante St. Westlake CA 90638) reveals that South-ern California car-culture was Roth-ized, mortalized by Ron Wolfe in *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamlined Baby*, is still going strong with his T shirts, caps, books, and new sidecreations of indescrib-ables. Added to Roth's famed roar/rack/monster/hotrod T shirt line is a "Com-plete Hacker" design with interchange-able computer names. The cassettes run the gamut from custom-car shows to demo-lition derbies with interchange-buggy racers and trucking ("I slowed out on 140 outside of Okla City and got all of the best tracks for two hours") More-sign painting, airbrushing & shirts, and truck pinstriping. See Merton #1 for a spread of volunteer mannies by Roth Studios. Ed Newton and then top it all off by reading the Big Daddy Roth interview in Fantare #5 ($3.50 to Bill Spicer, 329 N. Fermine 86 Los Angeles, CA 90042). And if all this ain't enough you can track down Roth's columns in rod-painting trade magazines Kowabunga!

ZINE

● *Fantare* draws its inspiration from the warped visions and grotesque humor of cartoonists Basil Wolverton, along with a few dollops of Ed "Big Daddy" Roth homage. Printed on quality card stock, with a metha-lously rendered monstroid wrap-around cover by *HM* contributor Mark Fisher, these fourteen full page "Portraits of Fuirefying Persons" (disgust or amuse (depending on your POV). Shawn McManus, currently re-inventing DC's Omega Man, delinea-ates a "Comic Book Artist" as bett-wecked and brain-damaged. Other portraitists include Weirdo editor Pe-ter Bagge. Creepy album illustrator Stephen Bissette, and phantas-magoric mask maker Steve Florida (of Death Studios fame). Send $2.50 to Florida at 105 Lexington St., Bldg 10, #5, Waltham, MA 02154), and try not to eat before you open the envelope.

—Black

Catalog

seen one of your *Living Dead* films at—say—a theater on Forty-second Street? Would you still feel the kick is innocent?

GR: I don't know. I wonder about that, too. What you're asking is: Is there a segment of society that is so frustrated that it responds to aggressive behavior in a negative way? I'm much more afraid of a *Dirty Harry* film in that context than I am of a fantasy film. I don't think we should forget that what we have here are monster movies.

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BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE VIDEOS

BY JIM FARBER

Terror on Tape (1985), Continental Video.

Directed by Robert Worms III

Like Terror in the Aisles this tape is a barf inducing horror version of That's Entertainment! The only difference is Terror on Tape is available on video only and is comprised exclusively of clips owned by Continental Video— meaning that Vampire Hookers and Suicide Cult are two of the more prestigious titles. Actually, something called Dead by Spawn looks like the most fun, not to mention some H. G. Lewis clips. Of course, like any horror compilation, the tape emphasizes bloodletting over real tension or eeriness. And while one would think this cheap approach would be appropriate to the material involved, this tape proves that most junk horror needs momentum and context just like the real thing.

Mandinga,* Wizard Video.

Directed by Mario Pinzauti

Not to be confused with Mandingo (the blaxploitation howler from the seventies), Mandinga is—believe it or not—an even sleazier Italian item. Both flicks have the same basic setup—slaves catching shit down on the plantation. (Call Mandingo a spaghetti Southern.) But where the American movie tried to wiggle out of its slime hole with some lead-footed social comment, Mandinga seems pretty comfortable with its role as a soft-core period S&M piece. Luckily, the slavemasters' sadism is exaggerated and petty enough to be camp fun, especially the "hump 'n' humiliate" games of the plantation owner's wife, given the highly unlikely Bronx-cheer moniker of Rhonda.

Once Upon a Time in the West (1969), Paramount.

Directed by Sergio Leone.

For a Few Dollars More (1965), Key Video.

Directed by Sergio Leone

Tightrope (1984), Warner Brothers.

Directed by Richard Tuggle.

Lately, video has been a great museum for fans of Sergio Leone and Clint Eastwood. Most thrilling is the release of Once Upon a Time in the West, a movie rarely resurrected on the revival circuit. Granted, on the small screen Leone's first post-Eastwood epic loses some of its big country grandeur, and likewise his fetishistic close-ups and wide angle shots seem less jarring, but it's still a cinematic epiphany. After all, Leone's one of our great visual stylists, and this movie features his most elegantly choreographed bloodbaths, not to mention his fullest attempt at his favorite themes. It even finds a place in its black little heart for women, via the iron-willed Claudia Cardinale. Also superb are super meanie Henry Fonda (who deep-sixes a little kid while grinning) and Charles Bronson, who takes the usual Eastwood role. Lacking Clint's humor, Bronson makes Eastwood seem positively manic by comparison. As a result, Bronson more purely embodies the otherworldly outlaw cynicism that is Leone's ultimate representation of human alienation.

Leone's earlier work, For a Few Dollars More (previously available only on CED), is also big on style, if not as hot conceptually. It's better-photographed, more rhythmically compelling, and wittier than the first Leone/Clint matchup, A Fistful of Dollars, and more tightly constructed than the third (The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly). Leone's anti-verbal "pure cinema" extremes are out in full force, and Clint's mere presence speaks volumes.

Clint's more conventionally terrific in Tightrope, playing a man other than an outlaw symbol. Coming from one of our great macho icons, the self-doubt of his character is shocking enough to give the patriarchy a coronary, viewed on the lonely home video screen. Eastwood's psychological torment gains greater intimacy. This is also Eastwood's first cop picture to reach the artistic heights of his Westerns, not to mention the most neurotic noir since Klute.

Escape from Hell,* Wizard Video.

Directed by Edward Muller

Escape from Hell is another pasta-brained Italian job—a women's-prison movie set in a rain forest, no less. One guard likes to feed the ladies snake meat, since in his words, "it gives them zip." I should say. When guards shove a live rattler in one inmate's face, she bites its head off and spits it out with nary a shudder. There's some other pretty neat violence here and some nice snarling dialogue, but there's also too much boring sex and not enough—well, zip—to the obligatory revenge finale.

* year unknown

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HOLIDAY

DRAWINGS BY MASSIMO "OSA GHINI

WRITTEN BY MAURIZIO CORRADO AND M I G

SILVENGO, BACK FROM HIS DANGEROUS MISSION IN SUDAN, IS IN PALERMO, WHERE HE MEETS WITH GENERAL DE BASSACCIA WHO CONGRATULATES HIM ON HIS SUCCESS

FURNITURE DESIGN BY MASSIMO GHINI

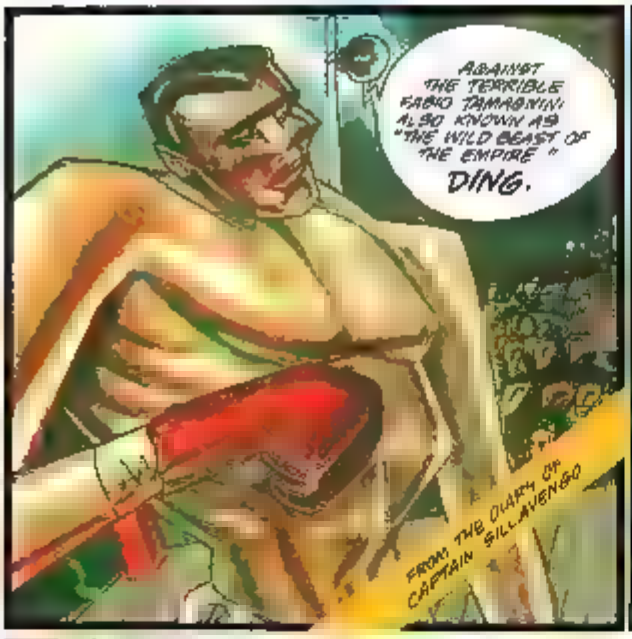
OUTSIDE, SILLAVENGO'S BEST FRIEND AND BUSINESS PARTNER BARTOLOMEO ROSSI DELLA SCALA, IS WAITING FOR HIM
BARTO, MY UNCLE GAVE US TICKETS FOR THE BOXING MATCH BETWEEN CARNERA AND TARABYIN! IT'LL BE A GREAT FIGHT
SURE! I SAW SOME PICTURES OF CARNERA IN MILAN. HE'S A ROCK
NOW ABOUT THE OFFICE? IS EVERYTHING OKAY? I LOOKED THROUGH THE BOOKS AND IT SEEMS THAT YOU DO EVEN BETTER WHEN I'M NOT THERE
WE'RE GOING FOR WARD
HEAVENS! WHERE DID THIS PIECE OF MODERNISM COME FROM?
JACKET BY CARACEN
SHIRT BY HILDITCH AND KEY
TIE BY M'AMELIS

IT'S A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF SICILIAN ARCHITECTURE! AN ITALIAN TRANSLATION OF THE RATIONAL STYLE!
HA HE I LIKE IT
WELL, EDUARDO WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START TELLING ME ABOUT YOUR MISSION?
IT'S A TERRIBLE WAY OF LIFE, BARTO! ONE'S ALWAYS ON THE MOVE, NEVER A MOMENT WITHOUT TENSION, NEVER A MOMENT OF PEACE! YOU'RE ALWAYS PURSUED BY FEELINGS WHICH CONDEMN INACTION. BASICALLY, AFRICA IS INSTINCTIVE ACTION, JUST ACTION, BARTO!
sabella
CONTINUITÀ
DO YOU HEAR THAT, BARTO? THOSE ARE OUR NEW TIGERS, ROARING IN THE SKY
AVIATION IS A GREAT WEAPON!

3 ASHTRAY BY CORRADO MAURIZIO

2 "RHYTHMIC BILLIARDS"

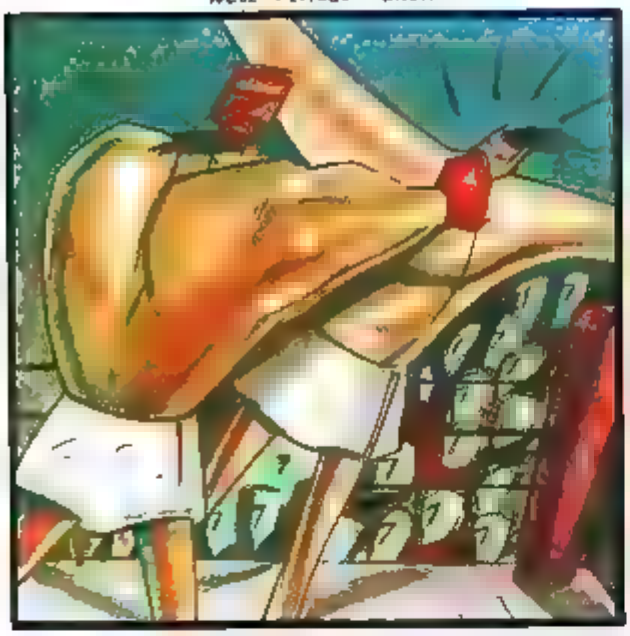
4 "MONPARNASO" BAR DESIGN BY MASSIMO GHINI

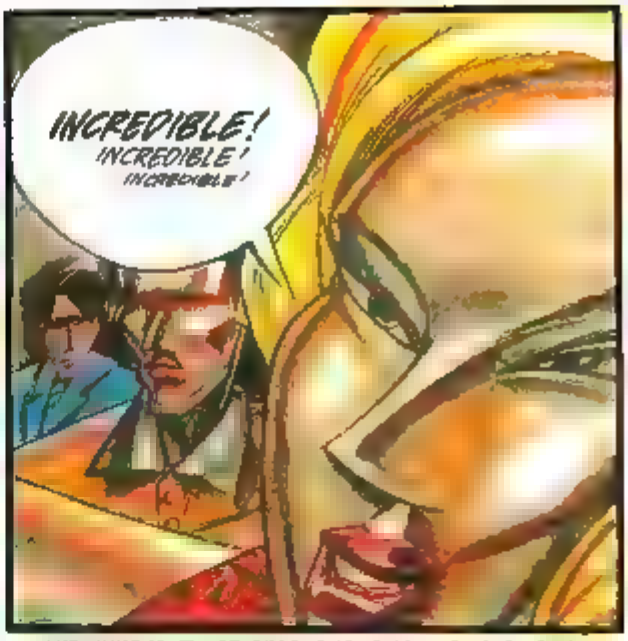

AGAINST THE TERRIBLE FABIO TAMAGNINI ALSO KNOWN AS "THE WILD BEAST OF THE EMPIRE"
DING.
FROM THE DIARY OF CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO

FROM THE DIARY OF CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO "INCREDIBLE PUNCHES, DELIVERED WITH WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE STRENGTH OF A TEN-HORSEPOWER MOTOR"

"DIRECTION MICIDIALI" RING BY DICK MARTINO

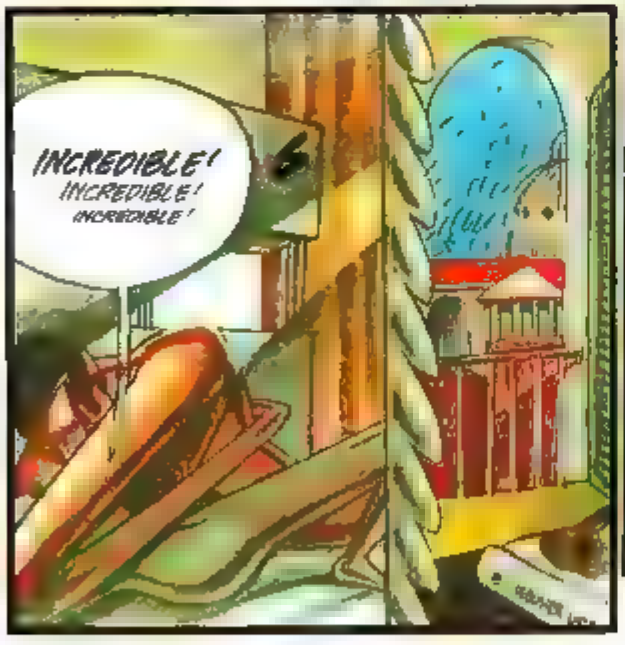
I JUST COULDN'T REMEMBER WHO SHE WAS, UNTIL A WELL PLACED PUNCH





SHE JUMPED TO HER FEET SHOUTING WITH A SLIGHT BOSTON ACCENT THAT ALWAYS CAME OUT WHEN SHE WAS REALLY EXCITED

WHEN SHE WAS EXCITED



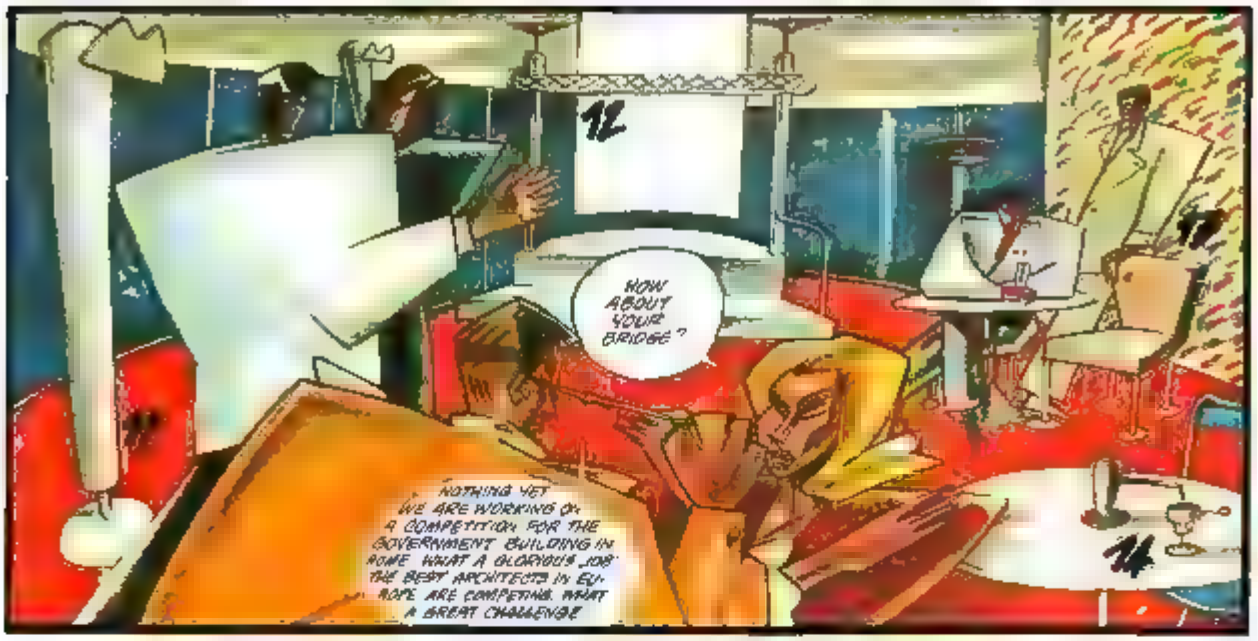
I FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN GETTING TO HER AMIDST THE THICK CROWD THAT WAS PRESSING AGAINST THE EXIT

"CARENA" CUPBOARD 6 :

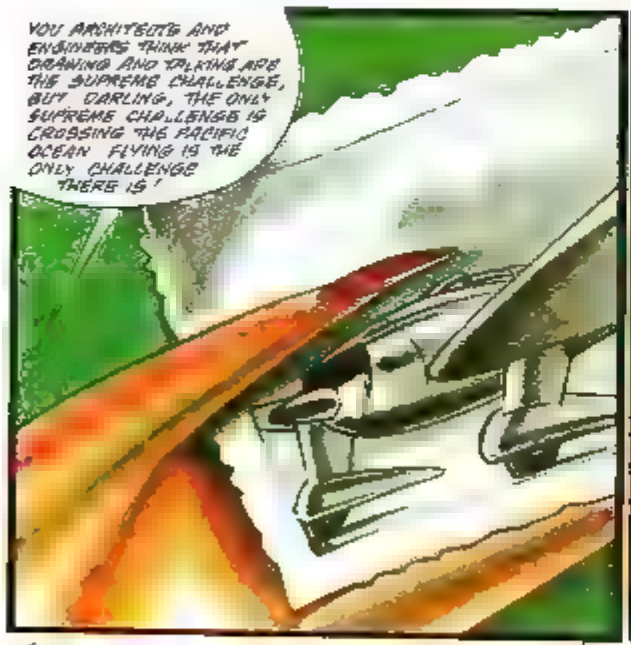
7

"L'70 HAIRCUT BY TICON AND NORMAOELLI

I HAD MET HER IN ROME IN 1930 AT THE OPENING OF THE AVIATION EXPO. SHE WAS THE FIRST WOMAN TO FLY ACROSS THE 3RD ORTIA.
WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK?
SHE HAD FLOWN FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO BURRY PORT WALES IN BARELY 20 HOURS. SHE HAD EARNED HER NICKNAME
YOU CAN TAKE THE CAR EDWARD
THANKS, BARTO. YOU CAN BILL ME FOR THE CAB.
AMELIA, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO THIS LITTLE PLACE WHOSE DECOR I AM ACTUALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR
8
"BOLTED" DRESS DESIGN BY MASSIMO GHIN.
9
"V" HANDBAG DESIGN BY TAMARA AND CO
10
"NORMADELL" HAIRCUT BY TERON AND NORMADELL

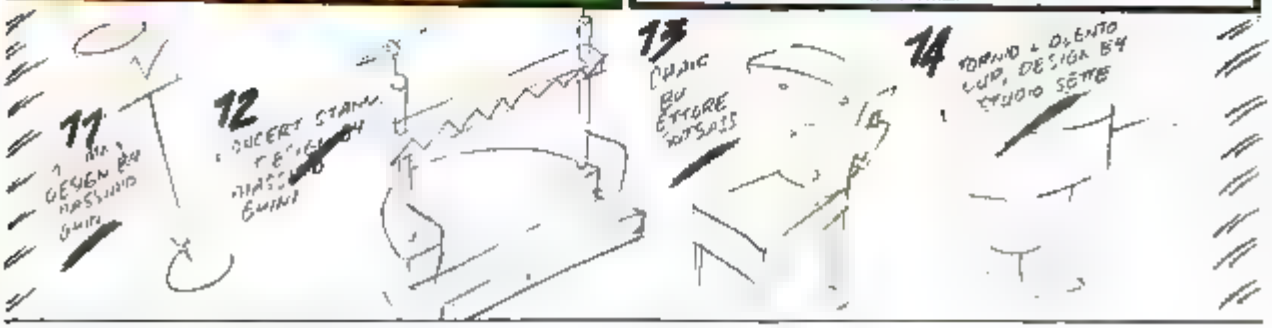

12
HOW ABOUT YOUR BRIDGE?
NOTHING YET WE ARE WORKING ON A COMPETITION FOR THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN ROME WHAT A GLORIOUS JOB! THE BEST ARCHITECTS IN EUROPE ARE COMPETING. WHAT A GREAT CHALLENGE
14

I REMEMBER THAT WHILE I WAS READING NIETZSCHE AND LISTENING TO THE THIRD BRANDENBURG CONCERTO SHE LOOKED AT ME AND STARTED TO GATHER HER THINGS REPEATING INCESSANTLY "BAK BAK BAK" I HADN'T BEEN HER SINCE


YOU ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS THINK THAT DRAWING AND TALKING ARE THE SUPREME CHALLENGE, BUT DARLING, THE ONLY SUPREME CHALLENGE IS CROSSING THE PACIFIC OCEAN FLYING IS THE ONLY CHALLENGE THERE IS!

DRAWING INDEED ALBERTO, WHY DON'T YOU COME TO THE AIRPORT TOMORROW AND I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT FLYING IS, AND WE'LL LISTEN TO ALBINONI

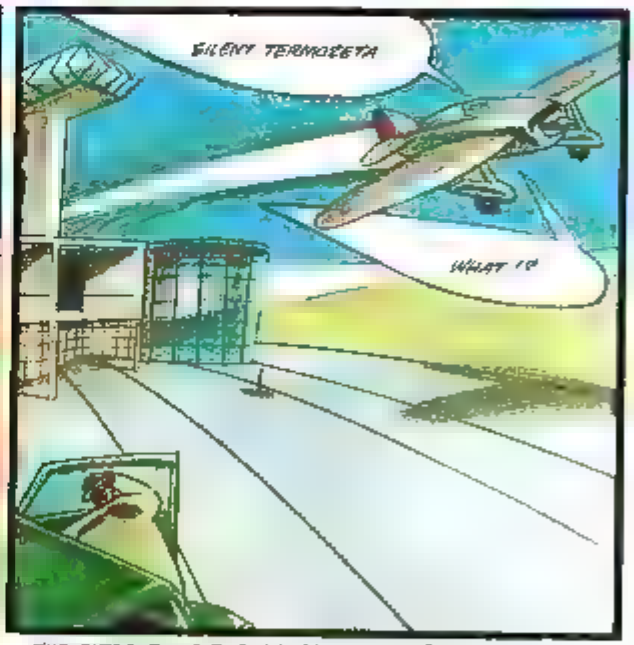
ALBINONI REMINDED ME OF ALL OUR RENDEZVOUS IN ROME.



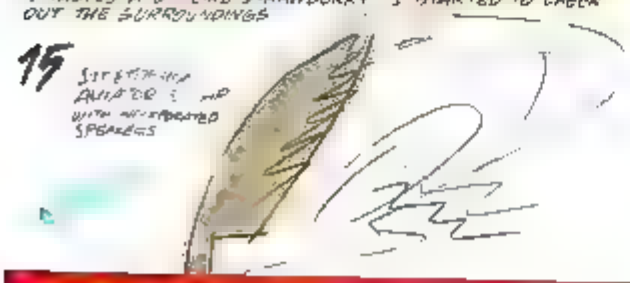
THAT MORNING WAS WONDERFUL. FLYING WAS EXHILARATING AND I WAS SO EXCITED THAT I LONGED TO STROKE HER BREASTS

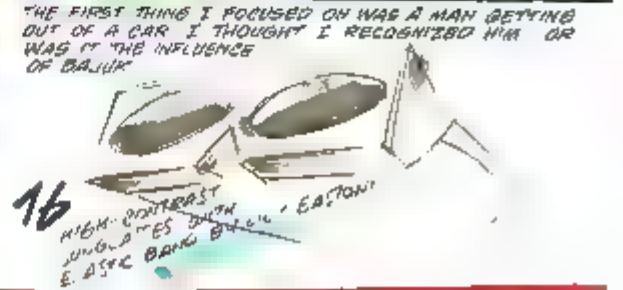
THEN SHE OFFERED ME SOME BAJUK

IT TASTED A BIT LIKE STRAWBERRY. I STARTED TO CHECK OUT THE SURROUNDINGS



THE FIRST THING I FOCUSED ON WAS A MAN GETTING OUT OF A CAR. I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM. OR WAS IT THE INFLUENCE OF BAJUK





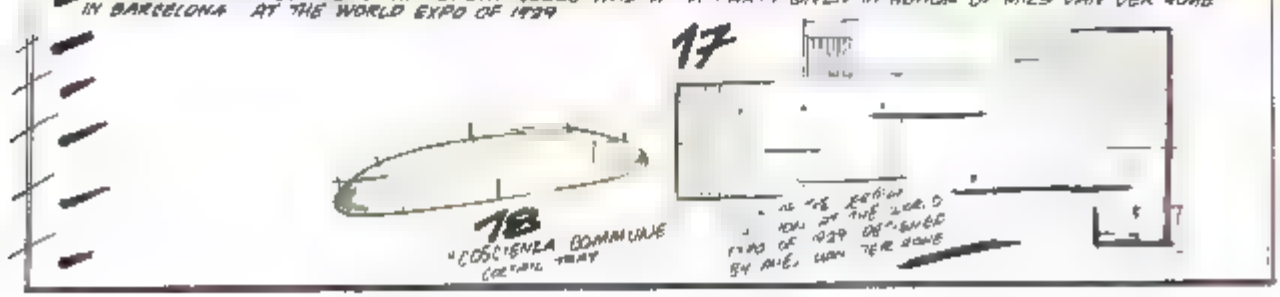
I HAD MET H.M. IN THE FASCIST YOUTH GROUPS

HE TOLD ME THAT HE HAD BEEN NICKNAMED SILENT TERMOZETA BECAUSE DURING HIS MILITARY SERVICE HE USED TO SIT IN SILENCE FOR HOURS IN FRONT OF A TERMOZETA STOVE

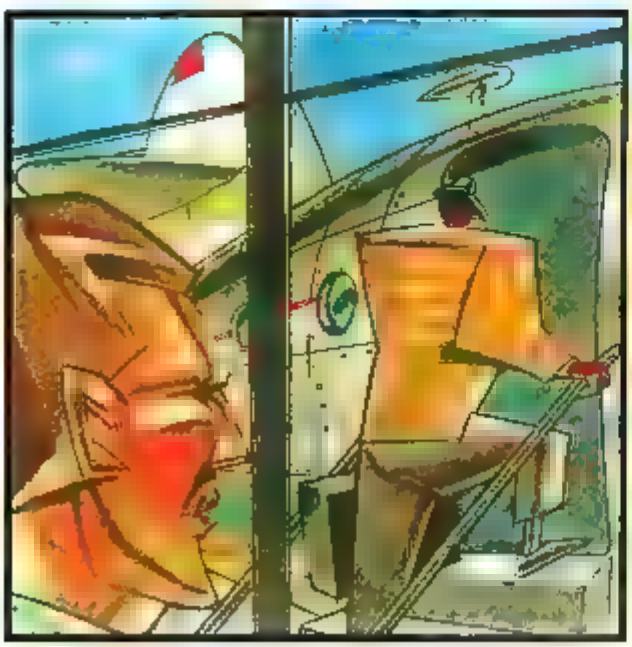
17

18

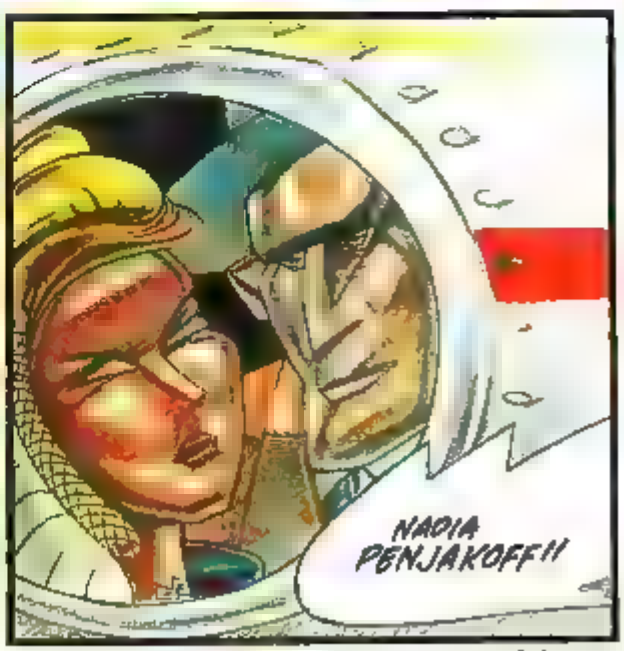
THE ONLY NIGHT I EVER SAW HIM BREAK LOOSE WAS AT A PARTY GIVEN IN HONOR OF MIES VAN DER ROHE IN BARCELONA AT THE WORLD EXPO OF 1929



I FORCED MIKEL A TO LAND IMMEDIATELY AND TRIED TO FOLLOW HIM



I WATCHED SILENT CLIMB ON THE AIRPLANE



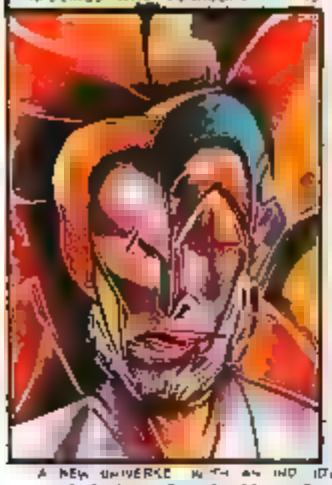
AND I SAW HIM SIT DOWN NEXT TO A FAMILIAR FACE

TO BE CONTINUED

MR LEO PLEASE EXPLAIN TO US HOW YOU ATTAINED THIS TRANSPIGURED REALITY
WELL YOU KNOW THAT ANY WORK OF ART E A PAINTING REPRESENTS A AREA T- WHICH THE ARTIST BELT AND L 'RD IN IN HIS EXISTENTIAL TIME SPACE

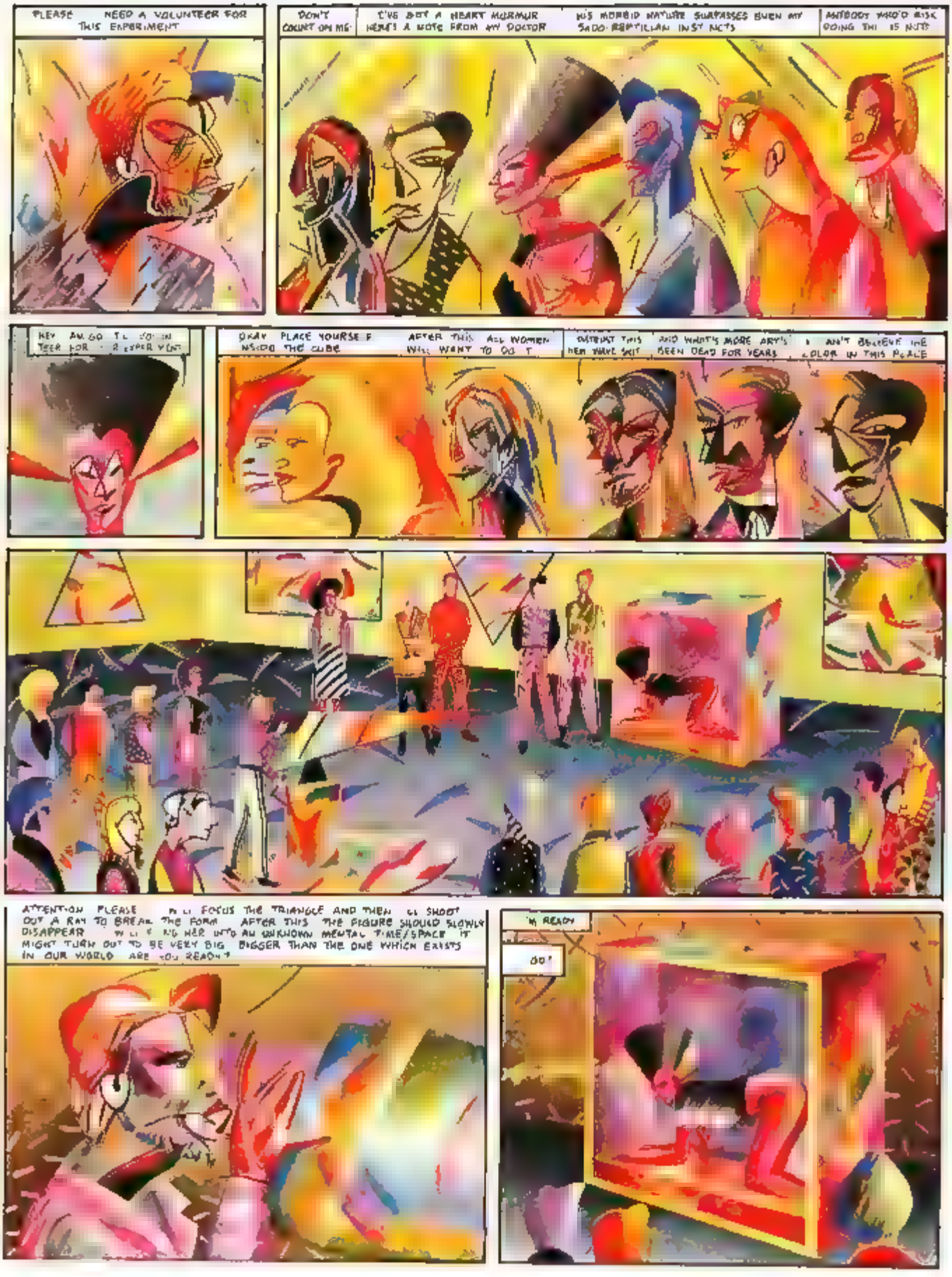
IF WE CONSIDER THE MENTALISM THEORY ACCORDING TO WHICH THE UNIVERSE IS MIND EVERY BEING WHO IS CREATING A WORK OF ART WHICH WILL BE ASSIMILATED BY THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS OF ALL THE BEINGS WHO SURROUND IT IS CREATING WITHOUT KNOWING IT A DIVINE

THE WORD CHANNEL ALWAYS REMINDS ME OF THE POLARIZATION OF LIGHT ON IDEAS REFLECTED BY A SPIRAL METALLIC STRIPS



A NEW UNIVERSE WITH AN INDIVIDUAL TIME SPACE OUTSIDE OUR CURRENT DIMENSION THAT IS TO SAY A NEW WORLD AFTER MANY ATTEMPTS I HAVE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN BUILDING A MACHINE WHICH ABSORBS ANY SHAPE OR IMAGE BREAKING IT DOWN AND TELETRANSPORTING IT TO A SPIRITUAL DIMENSION PLEASE FOLLOW ME I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT

MY MACHINE OR TELETRANSPORTING SQUARE CUBE HAS GREAT POWER OUR MERE PROXIMITY PRO VOKES A DISLOCATION OF COLORS
"INCREDIBLE" I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THIS EX PERIMENT MR EC
WHO HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO THE RADIATION FOR QUITE SOME TIME ONE IN FORMAL STRUCTURE
HERE IS MY INVENTION THE SQUARE CUBE
HEY WILL THIS PIECE OF JUNK KILL US?
IT'S TRUE AROUND US
OR S O L FUNCTIONS US
SEEMS AS IF BY WE COULD SAVE IT IT WAS A TASTE DO YOU THINK TH HERE ED?
NO IS ON Y AN EFFECT
SUE S A AT E MUSTY


PLEASE NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THIS EXPERIMENT
DON'T COUNT ON ME
I'VE GOT A HEART MURMUR HERE'S A NOTE FROM MY DOCTOR
HIS MORBID NATURE SURPASSES EVEN MY SADO-MASOCHISTIC INSTINCTS
ANYBODY WHO'D RISK DOING THIS IS NUTS
HEY AMIGO I'LL GO IN TEER FOR 2 EXPERIMENT
OKAY PLACE YOURSELF INSIDE THE CUBE
AFTER THIS ALL WOMEN WILL WANT TO GO T
OUTSIDE THIS HER WAVE SKIT
AND WHAT'S MORE ARY'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS
I AIN'T BELIEVE IN COLOR IN THIS PLACE
ATTENTION PLEASE WILL FOCUS THE TRIANGLE AND THEN WILL SHOOT OUT A RAY TO BREAK THE FORM AFTER THIS THE FIGURE SHOULD SLOWLY DISAPPEAR WILL SEND HER INTO AN UNKNOWN MENTAL TIME/SPACE IT MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE VERY BIG BIGGER THAN THE ONE WHICH EXISTS IN OUR WORLD ARE YOU READY
I'M READY
GO!

THE FAT HEADED WOMEN O APPEARED IN HE SQUARE USE THE MODE F THE BODY WERE PAY
SEEMED TO BE ONE O A REALITY MAYBE E EN MORE REAL THAN HER OWN WHEN SUDDENLY
THING AND DEAT MEN THAT THE IMAGES THAT WE ARE NOW SEEING MIGHT BE TOO STRONG FOR YOU HOPE AT YOUR
MIND WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE T CANNOT RESIS TH BRUTA REALTY WHEN COULD BE COMING FROM ANY MIND IN THE UNIVERSE MAYBE
A RAZED ONE MAYBE A DREAMER'S CAREFUL THIS S VERY STRONG .. CAN'T CONTROL THE MALWARE
AAAAAH!

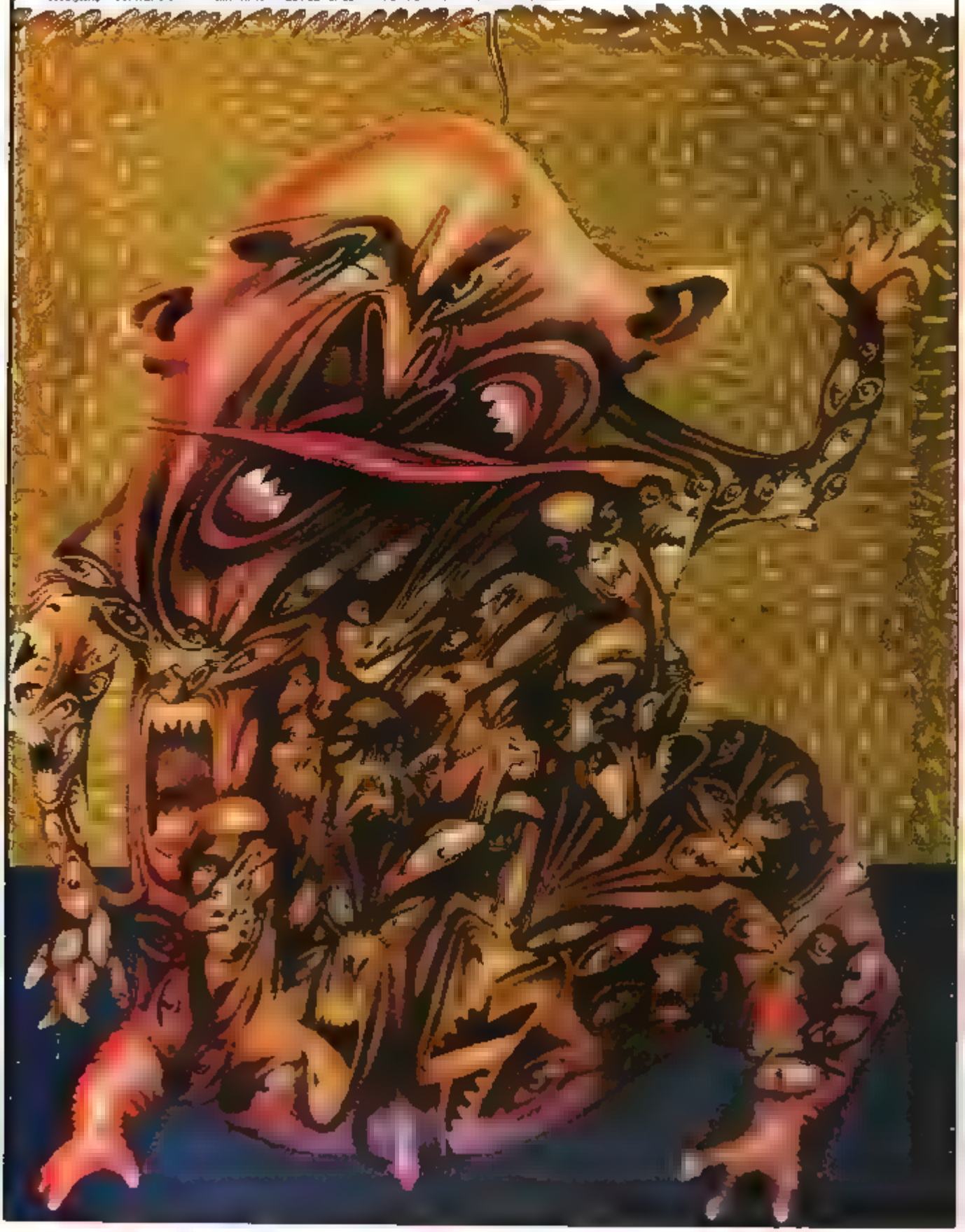
THE BEING WHOSE IMAGE WAS PROJECTED ON THE SCREEN LET OUT A BRUTAL STRANGLING SCREAM AND THE AUDIENCE STARTED TO DISINTEGRATE INTO PURE COLOR TURNING INTO DRAWINGS ALL THE ARTIST'S EFFORTS TO CONTROL HIS MACHINE WERE IN VAIN AFTER A WHILE THE STRANGE BEING CAME OUT OF THE CUBE OVERWHELMING CREATING A TOTAL PANIC CHAOS REIGNED! A STRANGE ANGUISH PERVADED THE MUSEUM AND THEN THE WHOLE WORLD!

THE COLORS DISPERSED IN A SLOW WASTING RHYTHM AND THE SHAPES SCATTERED IN [illegible] OF A [illegible] ENTERED THE SCULPTURAL SPACE OF A DREAM

I AM THE LIBERATOR !!

ALL THE IMAGES IN PICTURES BOOKS STORES TELEVISIONS AND EVEN IN THE MINDS OF THAT WORLD DANCED AROUND IN THE CONFUSION OF THIS WORLD IN TH NO NAME OUTSIDE TIME AND SPACE

WHOEVER HAS DARED TO AWAKEN THE L BERATOR NOW HAS TO CONFRONT HIM . I AM TERROR PAN C PRIMAL CRY, ANIMAL SCHIZOPHRENIA THE PURE THE IMPURE THE BEAUTIFUL THE UGLY ALL YOU HAVE EVER IMAGINED BECAUSE I'M AN IDEA A GHOST WHO MAY INHABIT ANY HUMAN BEING OR ANIMAL GIVING THEM THE ABILITY TO CREATE BECAUSE I'M A L THAT'S ABSTRACT AND CONCRETE ALL THAT'S ABSURD, EXPRESSIONIST VISCERAL SURREALIST AM WHAT PEOPLE CALL THE MUSE OF INSPIRATION



END

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rock-blitz," highly praised "Sheila," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella"—a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human" and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#17/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany-Chaykin "Empire," more "Heilman," "Exterminator 17," Grubert's "Heilman's" final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with Kirchner's "Taros" and beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sinbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's lace show.

#29/AUGUST '79: Cazz Buzz show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerrik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a wizard named "Elvis," "Little Red V.D.," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rawff," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Simon, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gourmelin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue! 52 pages of "Champakou" in living color! Final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Atle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" meets the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Short Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progrenel."

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals Fête." Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#50/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres. Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman.

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World." Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwerberger." Plus "Sixteen and Vanda" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cover issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scheele and R. Crumb all surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Schuiten and Fernandez

#64/JULY '82: Marcato and Lacroix's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flight into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia and Druillet

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pini and Manara's "The Age." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music Video Interface." Lupoff's "Barnum" and Hogan's "Object." Plus our regulars Brian Fernandez Kierkegaard

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Edgar Poe to the weirdest photos possible. Don't read it alone. P.S. Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 3 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus a peek at Wrightson's "National Lampoon" cover. Reviews.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Simmons Gallery. The return of Suydam's "Mudwog" and Mark Fuhrer's "Atomic Men." Plus Corben Fernandez and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal* and regulars Manara Corben Fernandez etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*. Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul* and regulars Corben Kaluta Crepax etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Alex and Keith and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Morrison's "The Twinkle in Fiddler's Eye." and Sauter's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#74/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomsault," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#75/JULY '83: Librarians's "Ransom," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Crepax's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary Enki Bilal Pepe Moreno Walter Hill Rocky and Bullwinkle?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ransom bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more.

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ransom in New York" and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John Difool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ransom ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ransom" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Steve Tushingham talks about "Liquid Sky." "Laura" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jodorowsky.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris' Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *NM* Music Video Awards. Lee Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dresser Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *NM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronimus and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronimus ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock director John Waters tells us about his travels to the *NM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *NM*'s 1984 *fin* with a Federico Fellini interview and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberatore presents his latest, "San Illusa." And yet another "Marionettes."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director talks about his new movie, *Razorback*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Travel" concludes.

#96/MARCH '85: The premiere of Pepe Moreno's "Rebel." Interview with director Louis Malle, and the end of Bilal and Christin's "The Hunting Party" and Schuiten's "Walls of Samaris."

#97/APRIL '85: *HM* celebrates its eighth anniversary with Pepe Moreno, Richard Corben, Jaime Setorio and more. Also, interviews include *Gwendoline*'s Just Jaeckin, *The Stuff*'s Larry Cohen, and *Eating Raoul*'s Paul Bartel.

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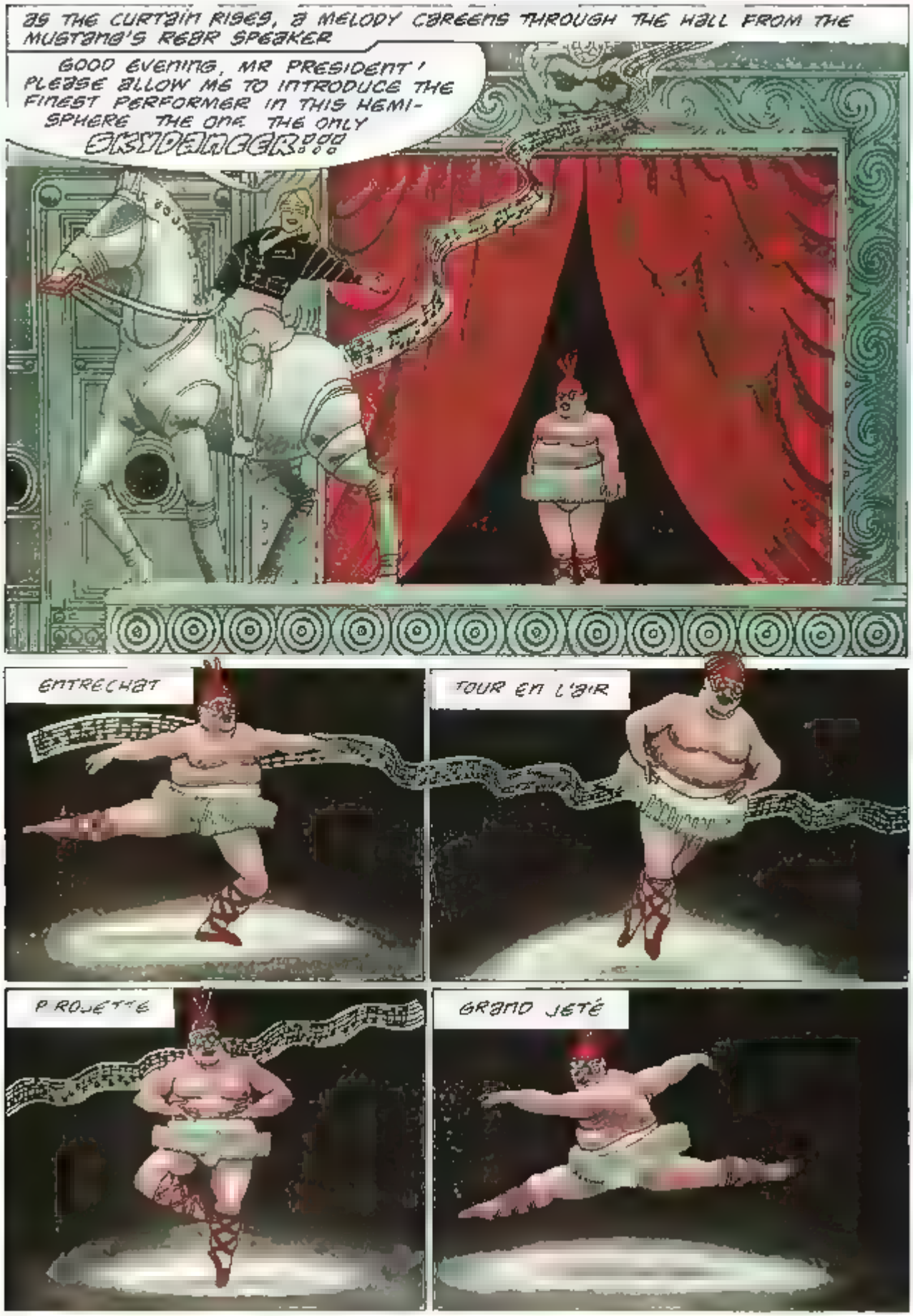
SKYDANCER

by - Randy Jones...

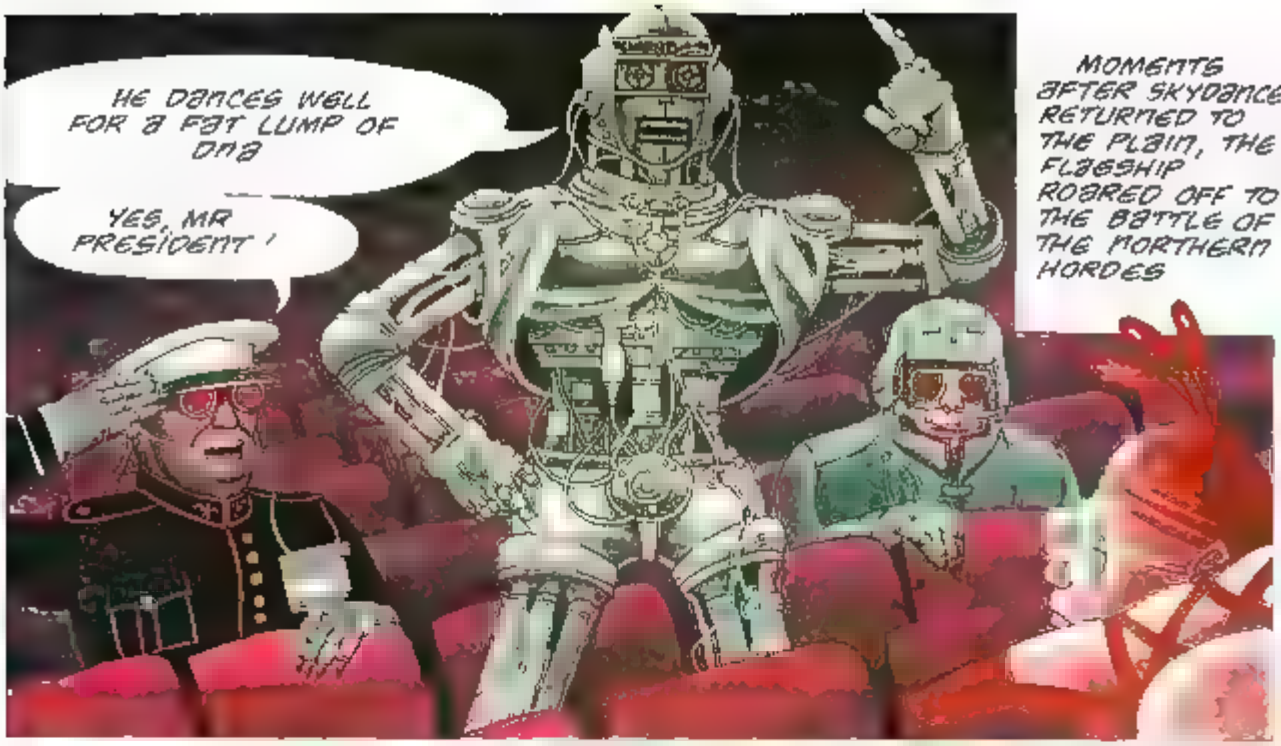
Once upon a pointed plain
There rode a dancer who was quite insane
When last we saw him on his atomic horse
He was smashing robots with his brutal force
In the heat of battle the sparks did fly,
He swept sweet slugma up into the sky
They flew the day and all the night,
To the president's flagship,
poised and ready for flight

Once on board they were greeted by commander brayn he's been in so many battles that his body is almost bionic

YOU'RE LATE! WHAT KEPT YOU?
I WAS SMASHING ROBOTS WITH MY BRUTAL FORCE
SILENCE! OR I'LL SUMMON A FIRING SQUAD!
OOOOH! TOUCHY, TOUCHY!
YOU'RE ON IN FIVE MINUTES!
BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO THE GALA AT THE CAPITAL WHAT GIVES?
IT'S BEEN CANCELED DUE TO THE WAR THAT HAS JUST BROKEN OUT ALONG THE NORTHERN BORDER THE CANADIANS ARE ON THE OFFENSIVE AGAIN!
WHAT A SHAME! THEY USED TO BE SUCH A NICE COUNTRY!
EVER SINCE THE HOCKEY WARS, PEACE HAS BEEN ELUSIVE WITH THE NORTHERN HORDES.
BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
WHAT A NICE SET OF WOOFERS!


AS THE CURTAIN RISES, A MELODY CAREENS THROUGH THE HALL FROM THE MUSTANG'S REAR SPEAKER
GOOD EVENING, MR PRESIDENT! PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE FINEST PERFORMER IN THIS HEMISPHERE THE ONE THE ONLY ERSIDENCER!!!
ENTRECHAT
TOUR EN L'AIR
PROJETTÉ
GRAND JETÉ

GRUNT!!!
CLANK! CLANK!!!
CLANK!!

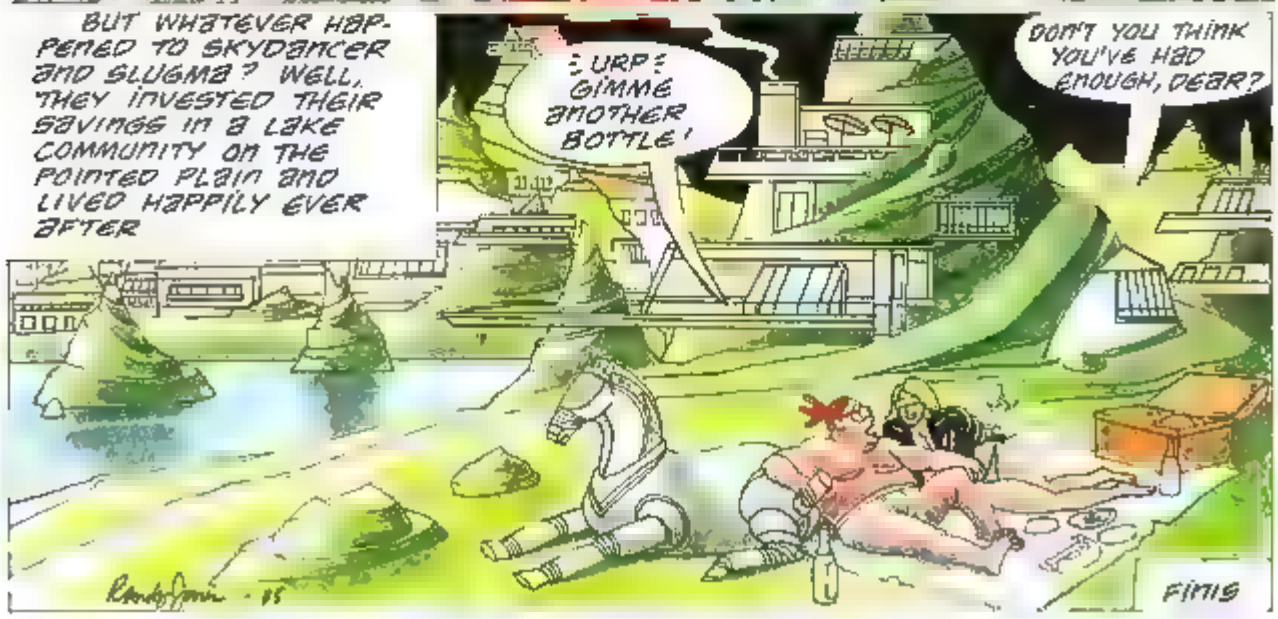


MOMENTS AFTER SKYDANCER RETURNED TO THE PLAIN, THE FLAGSHIP ROARED OFF TO THE BATTLE OF THE NORTHERN HORDES

THE WAR RAGED FOR SIX MONTHS UNTIL THE CANADIAN CLIMATE TOOK ITS TOLL THE END CAME WHEN THE PRESIDENT RUSTED SOLID FROM ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS THEY DREW UP A FLIMSY TRUCE THAT HOLDS TO THIS DAY

THE PRESIDENT WAS RETIRED AND PUT ON DISPLAY AT THE SMITHSONIAN

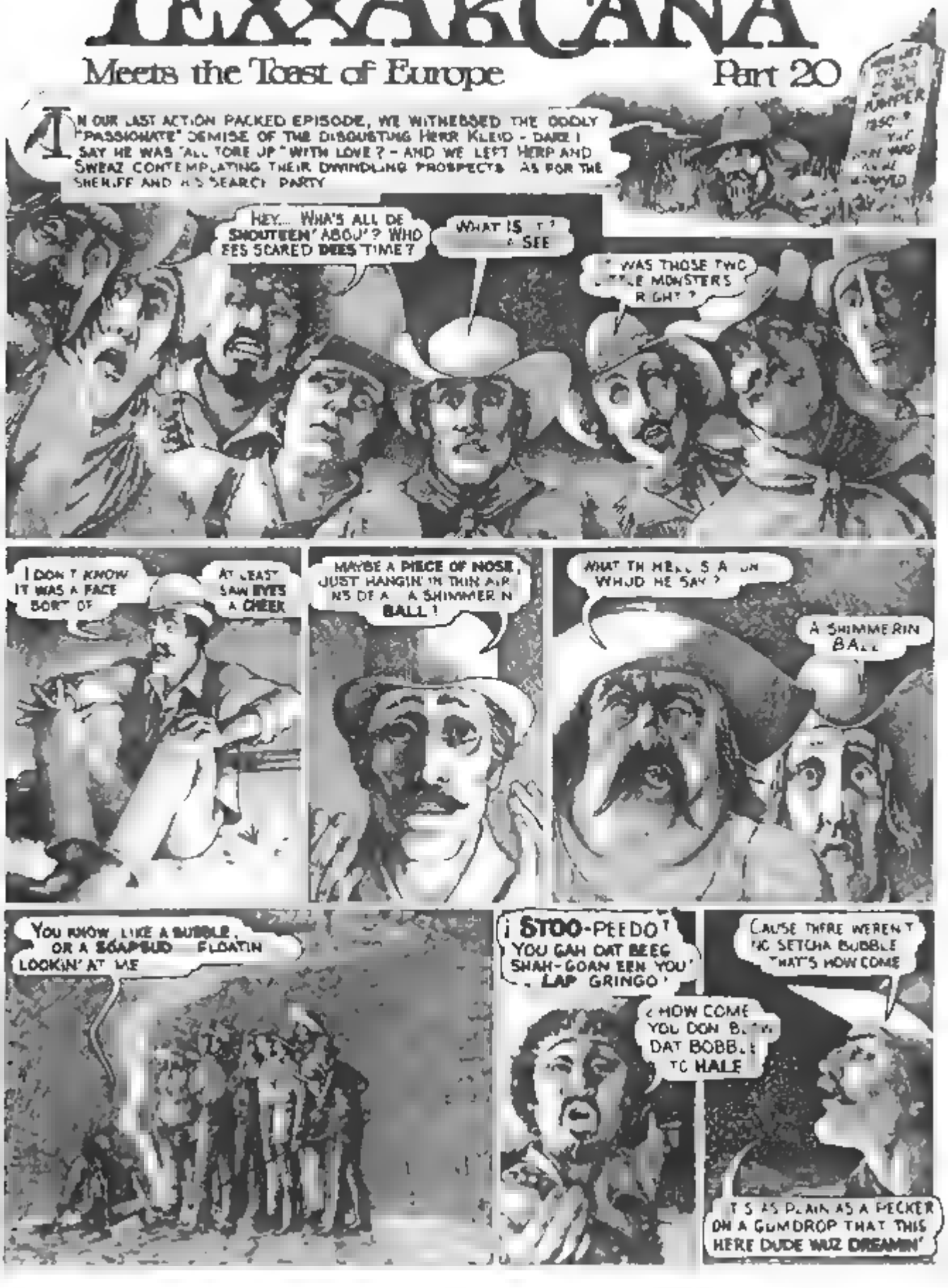
BUT WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SKYDANCER AND SLUGMA? WELL, THEY INVESTED THEIR SAVINGS IN A LAKE COMMUNITY ON THE POINTED PLAIN AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER



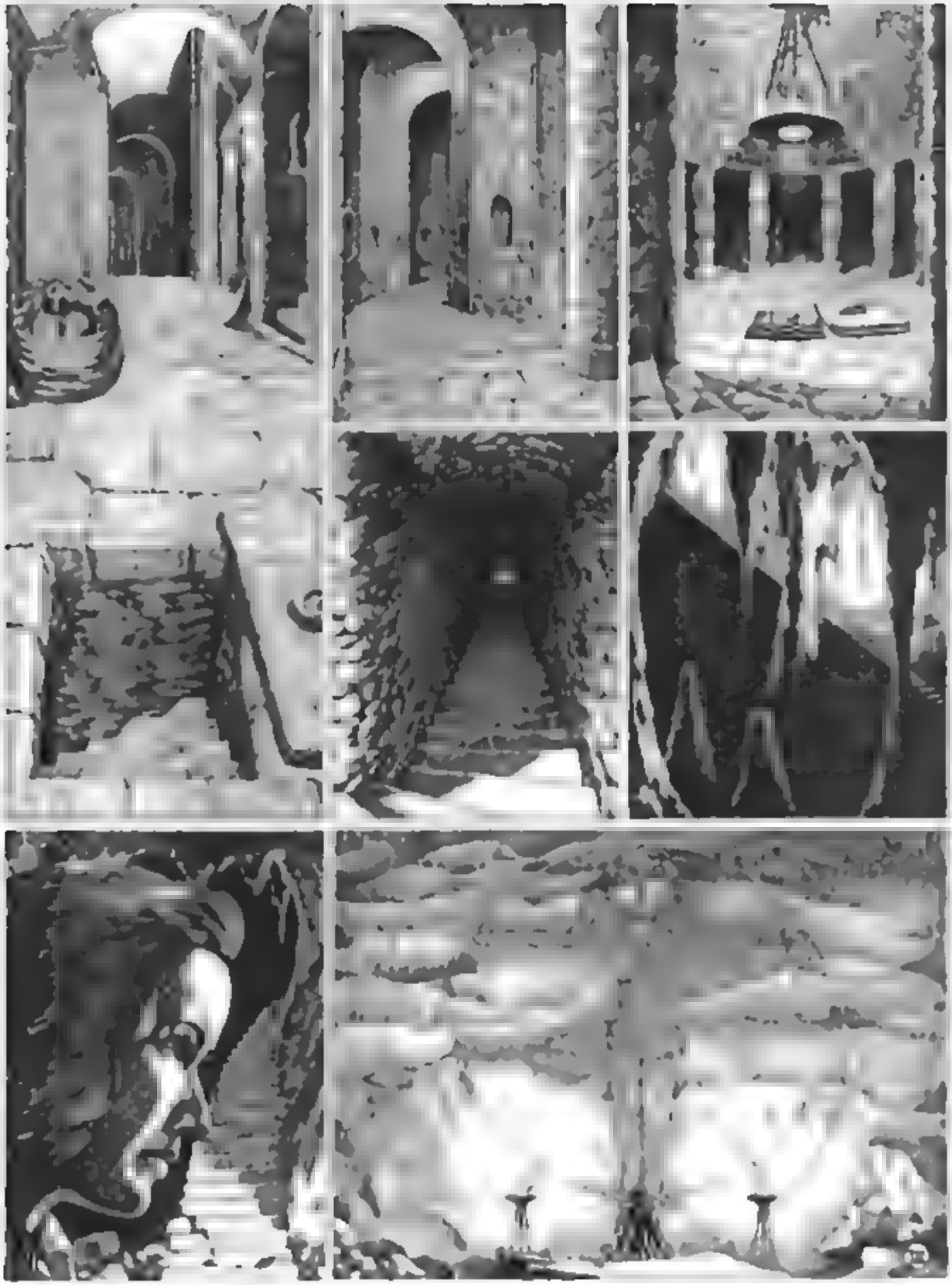
TEX★ARCANA

Meets the Toast of Europe

Part 20

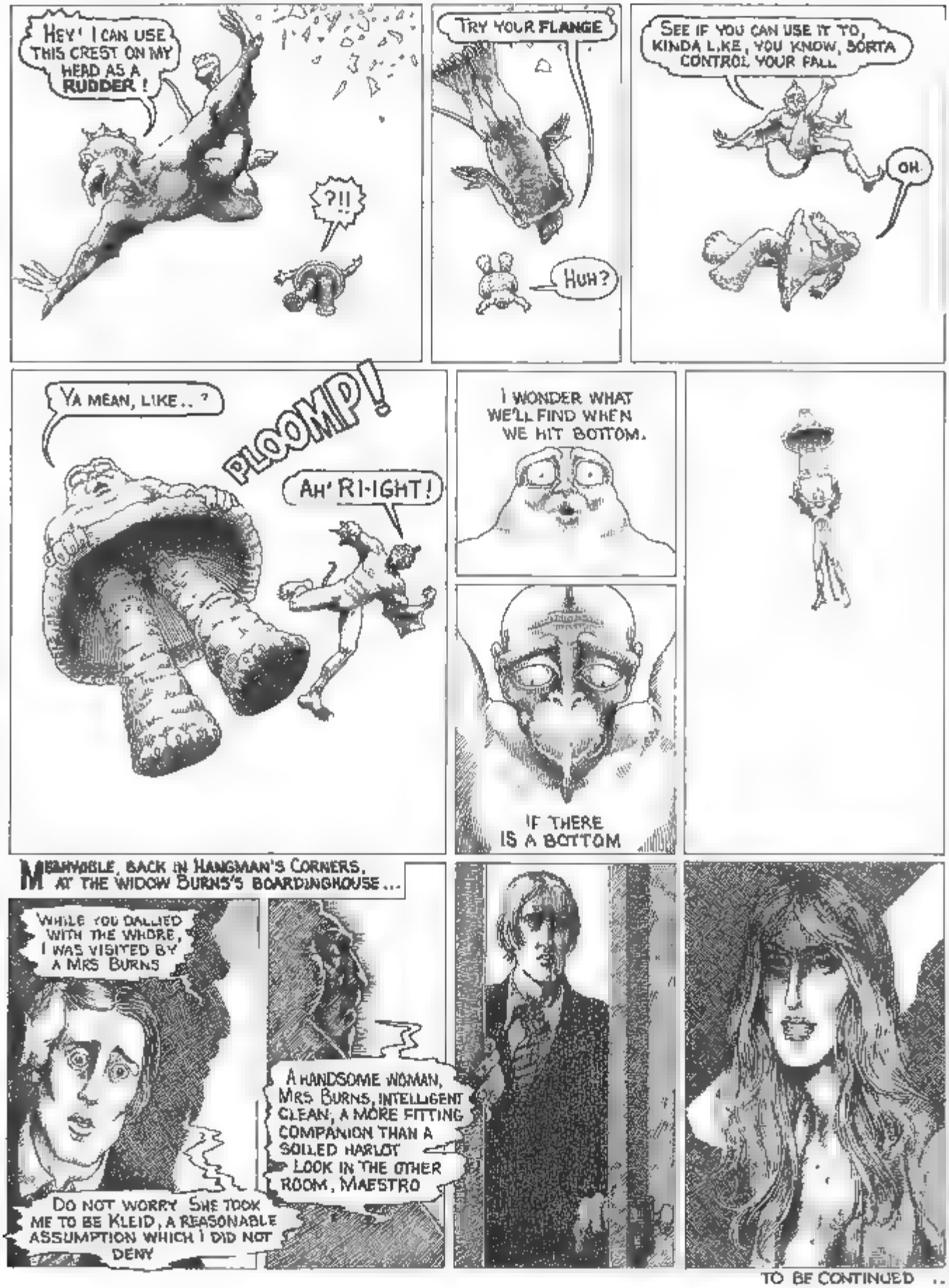

IN OUR LAST ACTION PACKED EPISODE, WE WITNESSED THE OOOLY "PASSIONATE" DEMISE OF THE DISGUSTING HERR KLEVD - DARE I SAY HE WAS "ALL TORE UP" WITH LOVE? - AND WE LEFT HERP AND SWEAZ CONTEMPLATING THEIR DWINDLING PROSPECTS AS FOR THE SHERIFF AND HIS SEARCH PARTY
HEY.... WHA'S ALL DE SHOUTEEN' ABOU'? WHO EES SCARED DEES TIME?
WHAT IS IT? I SEE
" WAS THOSE TWO LITTLE MONSTERS R GHT?
I DON'T KNOW IT WAS A FACE SORT OF
AT LEAST I SAW EYES A CHEEK
MAYBE A PIECE OF NOSE, JUST HANGIN' IN THIN AIR N3 OF A A SHIMMER N BALL!
WHAT TH HELL S A ON WHUD HE SAY?
A SHIMMERIN BALL
YOU KNOW LIKE A BUBBLE, OR A SOAPSUD FLOATIN LOOKIN' AT ME
¡ STOO-PEEDO! YOU GAH DAT BEEG SHAH-GOAN EEN YOU' LAP GRINGO!
< HOW COME YOU DON B DAT BOBBLE TO HALE
CAUSE THERE WEREN'T NO SETCHA BUBBLE THAT'S HOW COME
T S AS PLAIN AS A PECKER ON A GUMDROP THAT THIS HERE DUDE WUZ DREAMIN'

A DREAM....
IT WAS!
SHARP AN' CLEAR. NOW THING IS, IF I GET TWO CLONE.



QUIT SHOVIN'!
UH, SORRY
WHATTA WE GONNA DO, HERP?
QUIET, SWEAZ, I'M THINKIN'
OH. TRYIN' TO THINK OF A SPELL THAT'LL GET US OUTA THIS?
I'VE WRACKED MY BRAIN, BUT
NO, I'M TRYIN' TO, LIKE, IMAGINE WHAT IT IS WE COULDA DONE T' DESERVE ALL THIS SHIT.

WHAT?!
WE AIN'T GOT TIME FOR THAT!
LOOK!
TAKE IT EASY, LI'L GUY.
TAKE IT EASY?! HERP! WE'RE STANDIN' ON TH' ONLY THING IN THIS ABSURD UNIVERSE AND IT'S BLOWIN' ITSELF TO PIECES!
WELL, THEN. JUST ONE THING I DO.
WHAT'S THAT?
THIS!
WHEN IN DOUBT, DO TH' OBVIOUS
OBVIOUS TO YOU! UH I THOUGHT YOUR WINGS DIDN'T WORK
THEY DON'T THEY'RE WHATCHA CALL "VESTIGIAL," YA KNOW?
WE'RE JUST, LIKE, FALLIN'
GETTIN' A JUMP ON WHATEVER SHARP FRAGMENTS. OOPS!
HERP!
IT'S OKAY, SWEAZ. DON'T PANIC. WE'RE BOTH FALLING AT ABOUT TH' SAME SPEED
AT LEAST THAT RULE STILL HOLDS


HEY! I CAN USE THIS CREST ON MY HEAD AS A RUDDER!
?!!
TRY YOUR FLANGE
HUH?
SEE IF YOU CAN USE IT TO, KINDA LIKE, YOU KNOW, SORTA CONTROL YOUR FALL
OH
YA MEAN, LIKE..?
PLOOMP!
AH' RI-IGHT!
I WONDER WHAT WE'LL FIND WHEN WE HIT BOTTOM.
IF THERE IS A BOTTOM
MEANWHILE, BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS, AT THE WIDOW BURNS'S BOARDINGHOUSE...
WHILE YOU DALLIED WITH THE WHORE, I WAS VISITED BY A MRS BURNS
A HANDSOME WOMAN, MRS BURNS, INTELLIGENT CLEAN; A MORE FITTING COMPANION THAN A SOILED HARLOT
LOOK IN THE OTHER ROOM, MAESTRO
DO NOT WORRY SHE TOOK ME TO BE KLEID, A REASONABLE ASSUMPTION WHICH I DID NOT DENY
TO BE CONTINUED ..

BOOKSHELF

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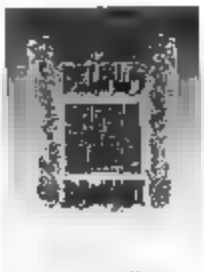

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El BORBAH
BONE of Voyage
STORY SO FAR
EL BORBAH HAS RESCUED A DOPED-UP WALPA KISSLING FROM THE BROTHERS OF THE BONE RIGHT NOW HE'S DRY NG HER OUT N A SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM
BRAAAP/ GURP HUH THE BIMBO'S STILL ZONKED OUT SHE SHOULD HAVE SNAPPED OUT OF T BY NOW..
ZZZZ
©1985 C.BURNS
I GUESS I'D BETTER GIVE HER BOYFR END A CALL LET HIM DEAL WITH IT
HELLO? YES? YOU HAVE HER? OH, MY GOD/ WHERE? I'LL BE OVER AS SOON AS I CAN!
LATER ON, JUNIOR
OHHHH.. MY HEAD WHERE AM I?

HOLY CHRIST ON A CRAWLING CROSS! SHE CAN TALK!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU JABBERING ABOUT? WHO ARE YOU?
KEEP COOL, BABY... I'M THE GUY THAT SAVED YOUR ASS. YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF IT FOR A DAY AND A HALF
BY THE WAY I JUST CALLED YOUR BOYFRIEND AND HE'S HIGHTAILIN' IT OVER HERE
BOYFRIEND? I DON'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND.
YOU KNOW THE RICH GUY'S SON... JAMES ROCKBOTTOM, JR.. HE HIRED ME TO FIND YOU.
AW, SHIT. H.M. SAY, WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE DRINKING? GIMME SOME.
AT YOUR SERVICE. UH, BEFORE HE GETS HERE I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK...
URP... WHO'S STOPPING YOU?
O.K., WISEASS, START AT THE BEGINNING... HOW DID YOU GET MIXED UP WITH DOC FOWLER?
IT'S A LOUSY STORY, BUT I GUESS I OWE YOU ONE... LEMME SEE
I HAD JUST MOVED OUT TO THE EAST COAST LOOKING FOR A DECENT JOB. WHAT A LAUGH! TO MAKE ENDS MEET I WAS COCKTAILING IN THIS SLIMY AFTERHOURS BAR...
ONE NIGHT THIS BIG UGLY MUG COMES IN AND STARTS TRYING TO PUT THE MOVES ON ME
COME HERE... I WANNA TALK TO YOU...
AT FIRST I TOLD HIM TO SHOVE... BUT BEFORE I KNOW IT HE'S TALKING UP A GREAT JOB HE KNOWS ABOUT...
HEY IT'S NO SWEAT AND YOU'LL BE MAKIN' TOP DOLLAR...

I WAS REALLY DESPERATE, SO I TOOK A CHANCE AND WENT WITH THIS GUY TO MEET DR. FOWLER.

DID RANKO EXPLAIN? MY WORK HERE IS HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL.. YOU MUST NOT DISCUSS IT WITH ANYONE!

IT TURNS OUT HIS HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL WORK IS CREATING HIGHLY ILLEGAL DRUGS.

IT WORKS! I REALLY WORKS

FEED ME

I KEPT MY NOSE CLEAN AND THE MONEY WAS ROLLING IN BUT IN A FEW MONTHS I STARTED TO GET BORED

HEY BABY, YOU'RE LOOKIN' BUMMED.. HOW ABOUT A LITTLE TOOT?

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT RANKO'S JOB WAS, BUT HE ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE HANGING AROUND..

COME ON ..LET'S YOU AND ME STEP OUT AFTER WORK AND HAVE SOME FUN. WANNA TOOT?

UM.. OK

HIS IDEA OF FUN WAS GOING TO FANCY BARS AND MEETING HIS RICH, BORING FRIENDS..

HOWDY, FELLAS... I WANT YALL TO MEET WALDA

HUBBA, HUBBA!

AFTER A FEW DRINKS AND A FEW TOOTS, THEY WEREN'T QUITE SO BORING..

SO WE CAME UP WITH A GREAT SOLUTION... HIRE THEM AS TRAINEES, PAY THEM HALF MINIMUM WAGE AND THEN FIRE THEM AFTER SIX MONTHS.

HEH. HEH.. WOW, GROOVY

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS GETTING IN DEEP WITH THESE GUYS... ONE NIGHT I WENT HOME WITH ONE OF THEM..

I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE, BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT. THIS IS THE REAL THING. BABY. REALLY

THIS GUY IS DRUNK ON HIS BUTT AND STARTS TELLING ME ABOUT THE BROTHERS OF THE BONE...

IT'S GREAT. BEST GAWDAM THING EVER HAPPENED TO ME... WE HAVE COSTUMES. BIG MEETINGS. A SECRET HANDSHAKE AND PARTIES! GREAT PARTIES!

LATER HE SHOWS ME A SCAR ON HIS BACK SHAPED LIKE A WISHBONE

CAN YOU SEE IT? IT'S PART OF THE INITIATION. THEY BRAND YOU! HURTS LIKE HELL, BUT THEN YOU'RE A BROTHER FOR LIFE!

BEFORE I KNEW IT I FOUND MYSELF TURNING TRICKS FOR BIG BUCKS.
ONE OF THE BROTHERS TOLD ME ABOUT YOU. DO YOU LIKE UH HULA HOOPS?
AND I WAS SPENDING IT AS FAST AS I WAS MAKING IT ON ALL SORTS OF WEIRD DRUGS...
GREAT SHIT IT'S CALLED NEODEAD.
WOW. I'LL TAKE IT/ UMM... WHAT'S IT DO?
SO THEN I GOT THIS BRIGHT IDEA TO BLACKMAIL SOME OF THE JOHNS I WAS DRAGGING OVER TO MY PAD...
CLICK!!!
THE WHOLE THING BLEW UP IN MY FACE... SOMEHOW THE BROTHERHOOD CAUGHT WIND OF MY LITTLE ENTERPRISE AND SHUT ME DOWN QUICK/
...BUT NOT BEFORE YOU HID THE NEGATIVES... THEY TORE UP YOUR APARTMENT, BUT I FOUND THE ONE NEGATIVE THEY MISSED.
HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT THE PRINT
BOY, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COUPLE. THIS GUY WAS ONE OF THE WORST. A REAL FAT CAT WHO OWNS ALL SORTS OF CASINOS AND STUFF
YOU CAN FIGURE OUT THE REST. THEY TRACKED ME DOWN, SHOT ME UP WITH SOME REALLY NASTY DOPE, AND RIGGED ME UP AS A BIG BABYDOLL...
NOK! NOK!
HUH. THAT MUST BE YOUR BOYFRIEND.
UH OH

IT WASN'T EASY TRACKING YOU DOWN, FATMAN. NOW IF YOU COOPERATE WITH US WE JUST MIGHT GO EASY ON YOU.
YOU'VE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS THE BROTHERHOOD WANTS BACK... THE PHOTOS AND THE GIRL!
OH, I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS FOR YOU, ALL RIGHT.
WAK!
STARTING WITH A DROPKICK TO THE FACE!
NEXT THE DOUBLE CLAW!
AND HOW ABOUT A KNEE DROP?
HEY, YOU LOOK TIRED... I THINK MY FAMOUS SLEEPER HOLD SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
SAY GOODNIGHT RANKO
GUHH. ZZZ..
COME ON IN, BOYS... YOU'RE NEXT!
THIRTY SECONDS LATER..
GOD! HOW DID THEY FIND US? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
HOLD IT. I WANNA TAKE A LOOK AT THESE BOZOS. BESIDES, WE'RE WAITING FOR YOUR BOYFRIEND..
I TOLD YOU ALREADY, I DON'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND. HE WAS JUST A CREEPY LITTLE GUY WHO HAD A BAD CRUSH ON ME, AND
AHEM.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE?
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M FINDING OUT JACK!
DAD! WHA WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM? LEAVE H M ALONE!
YOU GOTTA BE KIDD NG! TH'S IS THE SAME OLD GEEZER THAT WAS IN THE PHOTO OF ..UH NEVER MIND.
DAD! WAKE UP ARE YOU OK?
PSSST! I TH NK TH S IS OUR CUE TO SLIP ON OUT OF HERE. I'M NOT N THE MOOD FOR ANSWERING QUESTIONS
YEAH ME NE THER.
I'VE GOT MY CAR PARKED OUT BACK.. WE CAN GET SOME CHOW. YOU LIKE CHILE DOGS?
SURE ..I GUESS SO.
HOLY SHIT! MY BEAUTIFUL RIG! LOOK WHAT THEY DID TO IT!
MAN, WHAT A DRAG ..LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO HOOF IT BABY.
O.K BUT DON'T CALL ME BABY
FIN

The Change Has Proven Successful

With our January 1985 issue we introduced a **new and totally innovative** editorial policy: a format that would have *no* format. Each issue would be completely different from any other—no regular columns or features.

The January issue, "Good, Clean Sex," was the highest-selling issue of the *National Lampoon* in three years. The issues that followed, February's "Guide to New York" and March's "15th Anniversary Celebration," appear to be equally popular.

Something funny has happened to the National Lampoon. With this new "non-policy," the *National Lampoon* has added something old: many of the writers and artists who contributed to the magazine in its earlier days but had moved on to other matters in recent years are back again. Thus you will once again see Gahan Wilson, Ed Subitzky, Rick Meyerowitz, Chris Miller, Danny Abelson, P. J. O'Rourke, John Weidman, and many others, in addition to a group of new humorists whose writings haven't been equaled around here since the mid-seventies.

Coming up: The "Youth at Play" issue, True Facts Annual Music Festival, the (what promises to be remarkable) "Mad As Hell" Report, and others that will provoke, annoy, prod, scintillate, mock, entertain—but mostly, just make you laugh.

A new format—the world's most widely read humor magazine. You can subscribe, TODAY!

Reaction to the January 1985 issue and the new format:

1,116 letters complimenting issue
274 letters that primarily indicated sender hated issue
1,964 new subscriptions
278 cancellations of old subscriptions
11 new advertisers for coming issues
3 old advertisers canceled existing contracts
84 telephone calls complimenting issue
29 telephone calls criticizing issue
2 obscene calls
1 call from executive editor's mother objecting to nudity in issue
1 call from nude model objecting to call from executive editor's mother

National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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HM635

Chain Mail

Dear *Heavy Metal*:
For two years now, my career in the Army has been enlightened by my monthly copulation with your magazine. But for the past six or eight issues, I've completely lost my grip on the meaning of *Heavy Metal*. The issues seem to be turning more and more and yet more bizarre. I'm stationed in Germany, and I've nothing against the European invasion. But with each passing issue, I lose sight of the meaning of *Heavy Metal*. Rock 'n' roll, barbaric costumes, and high adventure were what I believed *Heavy Metal* to be about. Have I lost touch? Sometimes I find it impossible to get a grip on the story line. Whatever happened to "I'm Age" by Mr. Jones? (*We wish we knew.*—Eds.) What happened to the savage who rescues, for some ungodly reason, the half-, sometimes whole-naked woman? Would you please dig down deep and give me your true definition of *Heavy Metal*?

Mrs. Grace Copeland
West Germany

If Heavy Metal were a fragrance, it would be where jasmine and exhaust fumes meet. Anyone who cannot see the godly reason for rescuing a half-naked woman hasn't smelled this scent yet.—Eds.

Dear *HM*:
Your book may have a new staff, and a so-called "new" look, but frankly, not very much has changed in terms of the racial stereotypes and racial bigotry which ooze from this magazine. (*National Lampoon*, your sister magazine, hides behind humor to mask its views of racism and white supremacy.)
If you are asking what brought this on, I suggest you look at Daniel Torres's blatantly racist "Triton." Martians have been depicted in many forms but never like this—oddly subservient to man rather than the reverse. (*You'd better quit while you're ahead, fella.*—Eds.) My bone of contention with this mag is that *HM* has a considerable black following. It is not right for this mag to ignore this segment of the audience, or go out of its way to ridicule or humiliate them while asking for their money.

Prof. Logan Azimuth
Newark, NJ

You've got to be kidding—we don't have the time to go out of our way to ridicule anybody, much less blacks. If we were to make the effort to go after any minority, it would be the French.—Eds.

Dear Folks:
Re: "Nahallywood," Feb. 1985.
Rah! Rah! Naha!
The last movie I went out to see was *Christine*. It's getting to where every time a movie ad comes on we chant, "Cable fodder, cable fodder." (Check your "you've got to be kidding me" list especially.) We like to think of the moviemakers as unfinished pod people.

Sharon and David Radabaugh
Richmond, VA

Yes, Christine turned many of our readers off to film completely.—Eds.

Dear *Metal*urgists:
Here in the land of the great prewashed, *HM* is my only salvation. I live in a big, crowded city, with lots of buildings, people, noise, and dog droppings. (Have a clue of what metropolis I'm talking about???) Ofttimes I sit on the subway on my way home from work and drift into the pages of your magazine. One night I might be Rocco Vargas traveling through space in the years to come. Another night I'm Ranxerox swooping Lubna up from the arms of a bad guy, only to bed her down moments later. And a third time I'm a Corben femme bouncing through every page. (This one always makes me tired!)
Heavy Metal is a great cathartic experience that I probably couldn't live without. You people are not to be sneezed at. . . . Will you marry me? All of you! Steven, Michela, Julie, Lou, etc. . . .

Lyle Eastern
The Big Apple, NY

Dearest Lyle: No smokers or dopers. Photo and phone a must.—Eds.

Dear *Mr./Ms./Miss/Dr./Lawyer/Indian Chief*:
I don't know what you people are doing over there, but whatever it is—keep doing it! The mag is better than ever—Dossier is splendid (Lou Stratos [sic] is no more, eh?). Love Torres, Burns, and the ever-present Drew Friedman, but when are you going to run more Liberatore? I need my fix of sex, drugs, maiming, and other not-nice things. Please! Please! When will my hunk of living metal return?

Stella Seuss
Ogden, UT

STELLLLAAAAAA! *Sorry, we had to do that! Back to the question at hand. We hope to welcome Ranxerox back by the fall of this year. We anxiously await that mass of wires' return, but one never knows, do one?*—Eds.

Chain Mail

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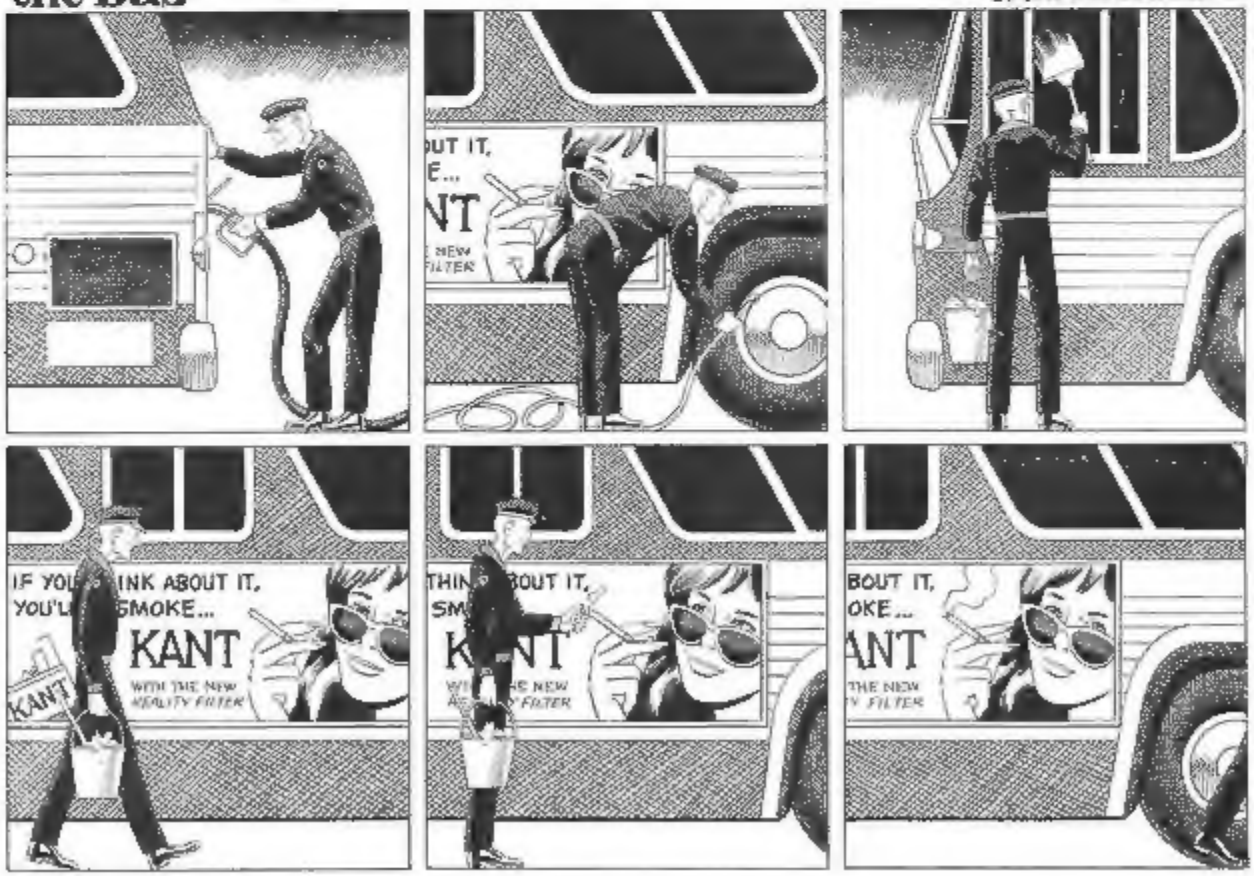

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

A B C D E Photo by Michael Reichwein

A Barni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50.**
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ red _____ black

C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00.**
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt.** These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**
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_____ large _____ sleeveless
_____ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95.**
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_____ medium _____ ex. large
_____ black _____ white _____ grey

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin. $5.00,** includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
_____ /Ranxerox pin.

Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle.** It's 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8¼% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM685, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

And it would be helpful if we knew your . . .

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed $ _____

All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?

"You Jane—me Edgar!"
Edgar Rice Burroughs lives on!
Burns's "El Borbah" concludes!
The last word on Stephen King—for now!

I AM THE LIBERATOR !!
COME ON IN, BOYS... YOU'RE NEXT!
A GOLDEN-TRESSED MAIDEN CRUELLY SHACKLED TO THE TIME-NIBBLED DEAN COLUMN
WE'RE ALWAYS TOO LATE! IF WE DID THINGS MY WAY, WE'D GET HERE WHEN THE PARTY'S IN FULL SWING, NOT WHEN IT'S OVER!
I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA! BELIEVE ME, KID!